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ADVOCATES

A Higher Type of Manhood—Physical, Intellectual, and Moral.

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they have prescribed or allowed a *little drop of alcohol*, prescribed it in fever, or as they say in extreme cases; they have publicly acknowledged they are not teetotalers—that is enough, they have escaped scathless. In some consultations, when the patient has been suffering from disease of the heart, and in other cases, in which aleoholic stimulants were totally inadmissible, I have waited to hear the physician's direction, which is seldom completed until some permission was gained for the patient to take a *little wine or brandy*, evidently as a *placebo*—the meaning of which is, “I will please.” A daughter has asked in a beseeching manner, “Shall my mother take a little brandy?” The answer has been, “Just a drop to flavor the gruel.” The drop is often between a drop and a table-spoonful or more. I once remonstrated with a physician, who answered, “Let them take what they like.” One celebrated physician told me that he never prescribed more to a patient than two or three tea-spoonfuls of brandy, and only that quantity in one or two particular cases. I really wonder what those particular cases were. I have not made the discovery, and I am of opinion that no medical man can make that discovery. Such admissions are sufficient—the doctor is a fine clever fellow, and not a scrub of a teetotaler. Some of my friends, in order to save me from persecution they knew I should suffer, and from evident pecuniary loss, wished me to admit that I would prescribe a little alcohol—a little sometimes; but not having such a word as “expediency” in my Temperance vocabulary, they importuned me in vain.

The prescribing of alcohol in various forms, such as brandy, whisky, wine, porter, bitter ale, etc., has been most perseveringly carried out, particularly since the total abstinence movement commenced; indeed, so much so, as to render the Temperance cause almost a nullity in some localities. Before its origin persons might be abstainers from aleoholic fluids during a long life, and would not be troubled with *kind* friends to beseech them to take a little brandy, wine, or ale, for health's sake; although at that time the universal opinion was that brandy was the real *Aqua Vitæ*—the “water of life;” and that the “home-brewed ale was the strength of corn, and liquid bread;” that bread was the staff of life, but that a sup of good ale was life itself—all profit and no loss.

“He that buys land buys many stones,
He that buys flesh buys many bones,
He that buys eggs buys many shells,
But he that buys good ale buys nothing else.”

“Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
No liquor on earth like Nottingham ale.”

Nearly every body had faith in the virtues of home-brewed ale, until our good friend, Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston, showed to us experimentally the “Great Delusion.”

Teetotalers have the same enemies to fight against as Christianity—the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. I soon found a snare was laid for me to break the pledge. At the commencement of the Society, on visiting one of my old respectable patients, the lady of the house informed me a friend had called upon her purposely on my account; saying it was quite visible that I was declining in health daily, and most sincerely begged of the lady to beseech me to take a little wine or ale. The lady asked her how long it was since it had been observed that I was declining in health. “Ah,” said she, “ever since the Teetotal Society commenced.” “Oh, dear!” said my patient; “it is a wonder it did not fail earlier, as Mr. Higginbottom has been a teetotaler for twenty years.” On hearing this her friend slunk away, heartily ashamed of herself—she was disappointed in her crafty errand; her object was to alarm me, that I might break my pledge; she cared not a straw about my health.

In the year 1836 I had a very severe attack of influenza, and inflammation of the lungs, and was confined to my room for six weeks. The disease was so severe as to leave a portion of the left lobe of my lung in a condensed and almost hepaticized state, unfit for respiration; the cough and debility continued for some time, but under God, by teetotalism, and natural stimulants—pure air, pure water, exercise, and simple nutritious diet—I quite recovered my health and the perfect use of my lungs; this I think would not have been the case had I taken aleoholic fluids, with the false expectation of deriving strength: chronic disease of the lungs and death would have probably followed. It was reported during my illness that the physicians poured brandy down my throat to keep me alive. My late partner, Mr. Booth Eddison, attended me; I had no physician, and I had not one drop of brandy poured down my throat. When it was understood that I had no brandy given me, then it was reported that I took wine in my carriage, and drank it on the sly. When I denied that also, it was said I was so conscientious that I would not allow a drop to get into my stomach, and I was obliged to have brandy rubbed into my skin, and that it got into my body by absorption, to strengthen me; this foolish report was

also denied, and the great wonder now was how I ever got my strength. It appeared incredible that I became strong and healthy by taking milk, eggs, bread, rice, mutton, etc., and with pure air and exercise, and nothing to drink but water, weak tea, or coffee. It is not understood by the people how natural food taken into the stomach nourishes the body, increases the strength, and prolongs life; and that the artificial stimulant of alcoholic fluids preys upon the vital organs, diminishes strength, and shortens life.

The practical difference between stimulus and strength, I heard from a reformed character of the name of Parsley, at a Temperance meeting. He said, "When I was a drunkard, I wanted drink, to keep steam up, every two or three hours; but when I became a teetotaler, I eat a piece of beef and bread, and drank some coffee, and it kept steam up for five or six hours"—proving that the natural stimulants of food, etc., are far better than the unnatural stimulants of alcoholie drinks. The erroneous opinions of the good medicinal properties of wine and brandy appear indelibly fixed in the minds of both the public and of medical men. It was declared to me, and believed by some females, that port wine was changed into pure blood immediately when taken into the stomach, and supplied any deficiency of that vital fluid. To prove the contrary, I showed them the component parts of a glass of port wine. I submitted it to the still, and drew off a table-spoonful of alcohol and burnt it; afterward, two table-spoonfuls of water, leaving about a penknife pointful of red coloring matter—the residuum, not containing any nutritious matter.

Brandy was long considered a tonic by the profession. Sir Astley Cooper himself declared his ignorance to a Temperance physician whom I knew—saying, "We used to call brandy a tonic; we have all been deceived, it is only a stimulant." One of our oldest and most respectable medical men said to me that brandy was the finest tonic. I told him it had no tonic quality whatever, it was a diffusible stimulant; this he could not deny. The ignorance of medical men some time ago was marvelous, considering that alcohol entered into so many of the medicinal preparations, and was also daily prescribed in the popular forms, blindly following the custom of their forefathers, without any consideration.

About forty years ago we entirely banished alcohol in every form from my own house. At that time, my wife, following the rule of society, not knowing then that "the custom is more

honored in the breach than in the observance," offered a lady a glass of wine, who said to her, "Don't you take wine, Mrs. Higginbottom?" She answered, "No," assigning as a reason, "that she considered it injurious." "Then," said the lady, "why do you offer it to me?" This reproof had the desired effect of banishing all alcoholic fluids from our house for ever. We would now as soon admit known thieves and murderers. The Spanish proverb is, "Give wine to your enemies"—a ready way to weaken, subdue, and conquer them a cruel hospitality. "Woe unto him who giveth his neighbor drink—that putteth the bottle to him."

It is now generally admitted that alcohol is not food, and from daily observation and practice, for more than half a century, I do not consider it a medicine in the true sensu of the word. What is a medicine? It is a term derived from *medicor*—to cure. During my long and extensive practice, I have not known or seen a single disease cured by alcohol; on the contrary, it is the most fertile producer of disease, and may be truly considered the bane of medicine, and the seed of disease. It is entirely destitute of any medicinal principle. Alcohol is the invention of man in the forms we use it, by the destruction of the food and fruit God has given us—a poet says, by the agency of the Devil.

"He joys to transform by his magical spell
The sweet fruits of earth to an essence of hell;
Corrupted our food, fermented our grain,
To famish the stomach, and madden the brain."

Shakespeare says, "O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no other name to be known by, let me call thee Devil!" The subject of Alcohol as a Medicine has occupied my attention ever since the year 1810. At that time I was of opinion that alcohol in various forms could not possibly be dispensed with in medical practice, but was absolutely necessary, and that nothing could be substituted for it in the treatment of some disorders. I believe many medical men are of that opinion at the present day.

For the first twenty years I ignorantly gave alcohol in some diseases, as was customary with the profession. Yet at so early a period as 1813, I discontinued it in typhus and typhoid and other fevers, with the most marked beneficial results. In 1818 in all cases of midwifery, and at a later period in *delirium tremens*, and in all other disorders and diseases: from a full conviction of its injurious properties; so that I had lost all faith in alcoholic stimulants, and discontinued their use several years before the formation of a Temperance Society.

For about forty years I have not once prescribed alcohol as a medicine; so that I have now fully tried both ways, with and without alcohol, and I perfectly agree with the Scotchman, who said, "Honesty was the best policy, he was quite sure, for he had tried both ways." I only differed from the Scotchman, in acting dishonestly with my patients from ignorance. I am now fully of opinion that a more dishonest or cruel act can not be inflicted on a patient than to prescribe or order alcohol as a medicine. Why is alcohol prescribed at all as a medicine, being such a fertile producer of disease? Dr. Trotter enumerates twenty-eight diseases arising from intoxicating drinks, viz.: Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Hysterics, Convulsions, Fearful Dreams, Gastritis, Enteritis, Ophthalmia, Carbuncles, Hepatitis, Gout, Scirrhous of the Bowels, Fatal Obstructions of the Lacteals, Jaundice, Indigestion, Dropsy, Tabes, Syncope, Diabetes, Locked Jaw, Palsy, Ulcers, Madness, Idiocy, Melancholy, Impotency, Premature Old Age, Diseases of Infants during suckling.

One of our medical writers says, "The diseases occasioned by alcohol have been by far more destructive than any plague that ever raged in Christendom; more malignant than any other epidemic pestilence that ever desolated our suffering race; whether in the shape of the burning and contagious typhus; the loathsome and mortal small-pox; the cholera of the East, or the yellow fever of the West—diseases by far more loathsome, infections, and destructive than all of them put together, with all their dreadful array of suffering and death, united in one ghastly assemblage of horrific and appalling misery."

The late Dr. James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, said, "I never got a patient by water-drinking, but thousands by strong drink." The question may be asked again, Why is alcohol at all prescribed as a medicine? The answer will be what a medical man said to me, "I like it." Another medical man said, "Let them have what they like." The general answer has been, when I have closely asked medical men personally why they order it as a medicine—they say, "We could do without it, but it is convenient, always at hand, and the patients like it." Alcohol is a dangerous luxury, it is neither adapted for food nor medicine.

The ancients called it a "delightful poison." I have been long convinced that I should be criminal, were I to give it or prescribe it, either in health or disease. Alcohol is given to gratify an unnatural and depraved appetite, not having

Anatomy, Physiology, Philosophy, Science, or Common Sense to sanction its use; in fact, as a medicine, it is the most dangerous quackery of the present day.

I know of nothing more unphilosophical than the manner in which alcohol, as a medicine, is ordered by medical men; the usual directions to a patient are to take a certain quantity, say, a few tea-spoonfuls, a table-spoonful, or glassful, as the case may be, from vulgar gin to genteel champagne, according to the poverty or the wealth of the patient. The basis of the stimulant principle of these is alcohol; but does any medical man know, when ordering these liquids, how much alcohol they contain? For instance, he orders a glass of port wine: some of his patients will obtain it from the nearest gin palace or public house; others will have it brought up from a favorite bin. The first is probably a villainous compound of logwood, alum, with a certain percentage of alcohol; the second, perhaps, has no other deleterious ingredient than alcohol, of which it has probably twice the quantity of the former; therefore if two patients are ordered the same quantity of wine, one takes as much alcohol again as the other, thus placing the doctor between the horns of a dilemma; the one taking too much, the other too little, according to his idea.

The infatuation even of many of the teetotalers is such that they dare not employ a teetotal doctor, but give the preference to a medical man who will give alcohol as a medicine; so far are they deluded with the false opinion that there is something medicinal in the *mock*.

Some patients labor under the delusion that they have a peculiar constitution requiring alcohol. This erroneous idea is produced by the force of habit. Alcohol is an unnatural agent, injurious to the whole system; there is no organ of the body adapted for its use; on the contrary, it is a rebel that is thrown out of the system as quickly as possible.

I have found acute diseases sooner cured without alcohol, and chronic disease much more manageable.

I have never seen a patient or any person injured by leaving off aleoholic fluids *at once*. I should as soon expect, as a Dr. Scott has said, "killing a horse by leaving off the whip and spur." I have not heard from my professional brethren, or from any of my patients that my non-aleoholic treatment of disease has occasioned a single death. My greatest trouble has been for many years, in preventing patients from being destroyed by the use of it. I do not say the *abuse*, for *I consider the use the abuse*.

My non-aleoholie treatment of disease has been so satisfactory that I have not once, during forty years experience, been desirous of deviating from it: so strongly am I convinced of the truth and superiority, that I should consider myself criminal if I again recommended alcohol, either as food or medicine.

I have discovered a great truth, and have made a great discovery: that alcohol in every form may be dispensed with in medical and surgical practice, and is not required in a single disorder or disease. What evidence can be clearer or more satisfactory? My practice has been open to hourly inspection and observation, in the center of a large populous town, surrounded by more than forty surgeons and physicians; most of them intelligent and discerning men—surely some one of them would have informed me of my insufficiency or malpractice, had I been in error, but I have heard of no such remark from a single individual, although in daily communication with them.

One medical man said, if he were to withdraw alcohol as a medicine, he should have to alter the whole course of his practice; as if aleohol was his panacea for all disorders and diseases. I have no hesitation in saying that such a practitioner does more mischief with alcohol than all the medicines in his *materia medica* can remedy.

Another medical man practicing among the rich, said, if he were to practice teetotalism and not prescribe wine for his patients, he should lose £500 per year, for most of his patients were wine drinkers." Doubtless he would be discharged and some other medical man would take his place *who would grant indulgences*.

A correspondent of The Alliance says, "I asked a surgeon, a teetotaler, 'Why do you not strike at the root of the evil, by banishing alcohol from your practice, as a medicine?' 'If I did,' said he, 'I should not have a patient in twelve months.'"

A patient informed me that before I attended him he took nothing but whisky as a medicine by the direction of two medical men. To obtain it he went regularly to a spirit shop. On entirely abstaining, his health improved; but the treatment of his disease with whisky had materially and seriously injured his constitution. "*In the physical world there is no forgiveness of sins.*"

The above patient escaped for a time more favorably than a Scotch minister whom I attended, who took a little whisky for a long time regularly, for pains of his stomach, which it always relieved; but he was quite unconscious

that it had produced hobnail liver, in a very advanced state of disease, of which he shortly died.

I have, during the last fifty years, seen thousands of the victims of alcohol, produced by the traffic and prescribing of alcohol; and have noticed the hardening effects on its agents. With poor Burns, the poet, I can say of alcohol what he said on another subject, "It hardens all within, and petrifies the feelings." I once saw a spirit merchant witness a post-mortem examination of one of his wretched victims—a female gin-drinker, thirty-six years of age, in whom every important organ was diseased, but whose immediate death was occasioned by valvular disease of the heart. I expected the spirit merchant who sold her the gin which destroyed her would at least show some signs of commiseration; on the contrary, he stood by the frightfully diseased body as apathetic and as unfeeling as if he had been quite innocent and she had died a natural death.

I have examined the body, after death, of a female patient, a spirit-drinker, whose every internal organ was diseased and softened, indeed so much so, that a surgeon present said to me, "How ever did the parts hang together?" A minute account of such cases is seldom given on an inquest; only the disease of that part which is supposed to be the immediate cause of death. It may be observed here that alcohol has first a hardening effect on the different organs of the body, but in an advanced state of disease they become softened.

The first circumstance which arrested my attention, after being some time in the Temperance Society, was by members saying that they had lost their rheumatism (or gout) since they had abstained from alcoholic drinks. I designated it, at an early period of the society, alcoholism, not rheumatism, as abstaining from stimulants cured them. The improved state of health of many corroborated the truth of that passage in Shakespeare, "Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only which your disease requires." If abstinence from all alcoholic and fermented liquids were prevalent, we should seek in vain for a gouty patient; proving the truth of the opinion of Doctor Erasmus Darwin, who said he "never knew a case of gout but the patient was addicted to the use of vinous or fermented drinks." I believe, even in hereditary predisposition to the disease, it is probable that attacks might ultimately be prevented by continued abstinence.

I noticed in my new improved method of treating disease the tardiness of recovery in those

patients who were in the habit of taking daily alcoholic beverages, compared with others who were abstainers. This contrast was enforced upon my observation, and accordingly I formed my prognosis, that I could expect no particular amendment until the nerve-poison, alcohol, was eliminated from the system. In severe attacks of disease, patients using alcoholic stimulants regularly were in a more prepared state for disease, and certainly had less probability of recovery.

3. It is almost impossible to relieve patients laboring under chronic disease, while they are daily taking alcoholic fluids.

4. When a patient is in a sinking state from disease, and when a medical man has thought an alcoholic stimulant absolutely necessary to snatch the patient from death; in this case the great danger is, that such a stimulant will extinguish the small spark of life remaining, and that the patient will be destroyed. It was truly said of the Brunonian system, that "Dr. Brown had made no provision in his system for the recovery of exhaustion arising from the effects of taking alcoholic stimulants. Lord Bacon observes, "If the spirit is assailed by another heat, stronger than its own, it is dissipated and destroyed."

5. It is not unusual to give wine or brandy at the apparent approach of death; such a practice is a mistaken kindness. In many instances patients are sent drunk into another world, having their minds beclouded and rendered incapable of leaving a dying testimony to their anxious and expectant friends and relatives. I have heard this commented upon as a very just and serious complaint against some medical men. "Let me go home sober," said an old lady, when urged on her death-bed to sustain her failing strength with brandy. "The medical friend of the late excellent Dr. John Pye Smith, on perceiving a rapid diminution of power, recommended some brandy to his water beverage. This proposal was conveyed to the eye of Dr. Smith in writing, on account of his great deafness. He turned to his wife and emphatically said, 'Never, my dear; I charge you, if such a remedy be proposed when I am incompetent to refuse, let me die rather than swallow the liquid.'

6. I have had patients apparently in a dying state, who have recovered by giving them very frequently small quantities of light nutritious food, and by particular attention to natural stimulants, similar to those cases I have related in the sinking state of typhoid fever. Shakespeare says, "While the vital flame burns fee-

bly, a little give at first; that kindled, add a little more; till by deliberate nourishment the flame revived, with all its wonted vigor glows."

7. I have been led to observe the very great tenacity of life even in those patients suffering under incurable disease, when they have been total abstainers from alcoholic fluids; and the very speedy death of the very intemperate under similar circumstances.

8. The adage that "wine is the milk of old age" is very erroneous, as it regards our alcoholic wine; it possesses no analogy to milk. Milk contains all the constituents of food, and is the type of food. Dr. Erasmus Darwin used to say, "Milk is white blood." The oldest individuals I have known have lived chiefly on milk and farinaceous food. Such food alone is sufficient to preserve the body in a healthy, cheerful, and happy state. Alcoholic wine is not at all adapted to support or repair the decaying body in old age, but to exhaust the vital powers, produce disease and death.

9. There is a subject with which I have been much impressed, that is, the great and fearful responsibility in ordering or prescribing by medical men, alcohol as a medicine, particularly to delicate females. From my own observation the effects have been most calamitous, in producing confirmed drunkenness. The very slow, insidious, pleasing, and delusive manner in its attack is such, in the commencement, that the patient is totally unconscious of her state. On visiting a lady, I perceived she did not articulate her words distinctly, and on inquiry, she told me she had been taking brandy and water. I thought it right to inform her that if any neighbor were to see her in the state she was in, it would be said that she was intoxicated. She directly said, "If I thought so, Mr. Higginbottom, I would never take a drop again as long as I live." Such an amiable character never expects to come on the list of drunkards. I have known some of the most truthful, beautiful, and excellent mothers and wives arrive at such a state of intemperance as to become a burden to their families and outcasts of society—in a lost state, from which there is no recovery. What compensation can a medical man make for being the cause of such a calamity?

I have been called to a lady dead drunk, when her husband has been under the greatest apprehension of her dying. On the following day the poor inebriate stoutly denied to me that she was ever intoxicated in her life, and that "she only took a little to do her good." I never knew a lady yet who acknowledged that she had taken too much.

A Visit with Father Cleveland.

BY WALLACE NORRIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A FEW days after the reception of the eur-
rent number of THE HERALD found me
in the presence of Father Cleveland, in his own
home. Introducing myself as one who, desirous
of knowing more of his inner life than his
brief published letter gave me, had called to
glean all I could relative to the habits and hy-
giene conducive to his long and happy life, he
bade me welcome, and drew my chair close up
by his side. He laid his steady hand upon my
shoulder, and with all the tenderness of a father
to a son, he narrated the history of his life.

He was born in Norwichtown, Conn., June 21,
1772. He was placed in the family of his
uncle, William Cleveland, of Salem, Mass., in
March, 1784; sailed on a voyage to the Cape
of Good Hope in November 26, 1785; was Clerk
and Deputy Collector at the Custom House in
Salem from September, 1789, to 1802. While
occupying this position he saw the handwriting
of Washington every week. From 1802 to 1809,
was clerk in Charlestown. From 1809 to 1816,
was stock and exchange broker in Boston.
While in this business he prepared and pub-
lished a set of exchange tables, giving, in United
States money, the exchange from one pence to
£5,000; and at from 2 per cent. advance, down
to 25 per cent. discount, varying $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on
each sum. These valuable tables are still in
use, both in this country and in England; and
a copy of them is carefully preserved in the
British Museum.

From 1816, for nine years, he was engaged in
mercantile pursuits, under the firm of Cleve-
land & Dane, on Market Street, now Cornhill.
It was about this time Mr. Cleveland became
deeply interested in the city poor, and set about
devising plans for the formation of a society
for their amelioration. For thirteen years he
was Chaplain of the House of Correction, South
Boston.

For nearly half a century he has been known
and honored as "Father Cleveland, Missionary
to the Poor." He was married at the age of
twenty-six, living forty-three years with his
first wife; re-married, living twenty-seven years
with his second wife, who died November 21,
1869, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. He
is the father of but three children—sons—and
but one of them is now living.

Of him he writes, on the 5th ult., "My eld-
est, and now my only son, is on a visit to me
from Texas; and as I had not seen him for
twenty years, you may be sure that he was em-
braced with no small heartiness."

The Salem (Mass.) Register of the 8th ult.
says, "We were gratified yesterday to receive
a call from J. T. Cleveland, the only surviving
son of the 'Rev. Father Cleveland.' He is sev-
enty-three years old, and is as active as men
usually are at forty—presents no evidence of the
inroads of age, and says that the climate is so
salubrious where he lives that he will be
obliged to come to Boston to die."

The distinguished scholar, linguist, antiquar-
ian, and withal a consistent, sincere Christian,
Prof. Chas. Dexter Cleveland, who died in Phila-
delphia, July, 1869, at the age of sixty-seven,
was also his son. His youngest son died twenty
years since, at the age of thirty.

His ancestors were not long-lived, his mother
living but to the age of thirty-five and his
father to seventy-one. He attributes his lon-
gevity to his mode of living; and, although it
has been a life of constant, uninterrupted activi-
ty, it has been one replete with joy and hap-
piness, as his bright, cheerful, radiant face and
sparkling countenance of to-day will testify.
His diet has been simple, nourishing food,
plainly prepared. His supper is invariably
very light, consisting of a few crackers, which
he prefers to any thing else, and are always
kept on hand for him at this meal. Eats very
sparingly of best beef steak or mutton, making
breakfast his principal meal. Every morning
at this season of the year, at 5 o'clock, he
can be found with toilet perfectly arranged,
down stairs in his cozy little room or office, at
the desk writing or reading, or both. After
breakfast he spends the entire forenoon, or till
nearly 2 o'clock—the hour at which he dines
—in visiting the abodes of wretchedness, deg-
radation, and misery, in the byways and lanes
of the city, relieving the wants of the occu-
pants, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked,
and ministering spiritual comfort and cheer as
well as temporal salvation. I can not tell you
how surprised I was when I was ushered into
his presence. Instead of finding the decrepit
old man my mind had pictured out, I saw the
cheerful, agile, supple semi-centarian. I had

been somewhat prepared for this change, inasmuch as I was obliged to call the *third* time in order to find him in; but my imaginary photograph had not been worked up in glowing colors enough. I was astonished to find none of the tremor and nervousness usually attendant upon old age. He writes a beautiful, legible hand. In early manhood, he told me, he used tobacco—chewed, and then smoked for many years, until he became convinced that the *noxious* weed was feeding upon and sapping, not only his vitality, but his enjoyment, happiness, and equanimity of mind. He abandoned it *at once and for ever*. Ere long his nervous system was restored, and his sweetly-refreshing sleep and happy frame of mind returned.

Said he, “Suppose I had continued the use of tobacco, and taken a little stimulant of some kind occasionally, do you think I would have lived to be the hale old man that I now am?” His health is very good and has been all his life, with the single exception of a severe attack of pneumonia twenty-five years since. He knows nothing of biliousness, nor has he ever experienced any thing like dyspepsia, with its innumerable train of attendant ailments and evils. He regards gluttony, or intemperance in eating or drinking, as the prime cause of disease, and thinks there are few who do not eat to satiety. One of the things upon which he lays much stress is, attending to the demands of nature *instanter*, particularly that of evacuation. Said he, “My young friend, it is the fashion of the world to go out night after night (especially during the long winter evenings), in quest of pleasure, to the theater, the ball-room, or some other place of excitement, where the best hours of the night are spent in a sleepless and highly-wrought nervous condition.”

He remarked that he could see no valid reason why any one should be worthless, useless, or inactive in old age; that his mind is very nearly as vigorous and active as ever, and can now readily memorize whole chapters of the Bible, and paragraphs or entire poems from Milton, Young, or the modern poets. He recited for me a choice selection from Young, his favorite poet, and added that when he retired at night these memorized thoughts or verses were his anodyne. He would repeat a chapter or two from the Bible, or some poem, until, *lost* in the gentle, soothing arms of Morpheus, he was released; and awoke ever in time to greet the early morning hours. These persons, said he, go out to seek pleasure or happiness, but, virtually, they never find it, and always return home *empty*, whereas, if they would but spend

their evenings properly at home, instead of keeping these “late hours,” that which they are constantly seeking and never finding, except in the transitory joy of an hour, would *come to them in an abiding form*. Wisely and justly does he condemn these so-called evening entertainments. With a conscience void of offense toward God and man, sleep to him is sweet, refreshing, and invigorating.

Sabbath, May 27, he preached to the inmates of the institutions on the Island—an audience of one thousand or more persons. For the 25th inst., the Sabbath next following his ninety-ninth birthday anniversary, he has already made two appointments. In the forenoon he preaches at the Seamen’s Bethel, and in the evening at the Old Ladies’ Home, in Charlestown, at one or both of which places I expect to hear him. He remarked that no idle or indolent man ever *was or ever can be* happy. His eyes are good—clear and sparkling yet—although he has used glasses more or less for nearly half a century. He lost his natural teeth some fifteen or twenty years since. These were preserved by the free and simple application of pure water. I think he is about five feet six or seven inches in height, and weighs perhaps 140 or 150 lbs.

On leaving, he gave me several small books and leaflets—recent poems of his own production—a fine cabinet-size portrait of himself, with his autograph and a few lines inscribed thereon, and a very cordial invitation to call and dine with him some day.

This true and life-like portrait will be ever regarded as one of my prized treasures, and shall prove a constant reminder of my pleasant visit with this dear, good old man, long years after he shall have passed to his home in that land where we will never grow old.

His whole life has been one of ceaseless activity, and his walk and work of nearly one hundred years in virtue’s paths has proved a perennial feast. Now he is *all alone*, biding his Father’s time for the pale boatman to come, to guide him safely over the shadowy stream to that land unseen by mortal eye, where darkness or shadow never comes.

BOSTON, June 1, 1871.

BRAINS AND IGNORANCE.—The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well, must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand and one other things, however attractive or however inviting.

Flying to Shelter.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

WHEN slanderous tongues do mo assail,
And lying lips do on me rail,
Thy help, my God, will not me fail.

They turn their evil ways on me;
Such as they are, would make me be.
But I am known, all known to Thee.

Known unto Thee the seeret thought
Within the soul's deep ehambers wrought,
And henee to me great peatee is brought.

I lift to Thee my sorrowing ery;
Turn unto Thee my streaming eye;
Unto Thy sheltering Roek I fly.

O'ermastered by theso woes at last,
I in its eleft will hide me fast,
Until the storm be overpast.

Thrie, thrie the dreadful bolt has sped.
I saw it fall on each dear head,
And lay them lowly with the dead.

One sleeps beside yon tranquil lake;
O'er one dear grave the palm trees wake;
And over one the billows break.

Oh, do ye moek from your bright sphere,
The anguish which we suffer here—
The bursting sigh, the bitter tear?

Oh, doth the venomed whisper fly
From this dark earth to your pure sky?
Or here doth Slander live and die?

Great God! in Thee my help I find!
The mills of time may slowly grind;
They ean not erush the eonstant mind.

When Should Children be Taught to Read?—Sham Kindergarten Culture.

BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir:*

PERHAPS you may think Kindergartens have taken up enough of your pages to give place advantageously to other topics. But when I remember your genuine interest in the early training of children, I feel confident that you will let me say a few words to ward off a new danger that threatens the cause. It is from the misunderstanding of those who are looked up to as guardians and guides of the public weal. I am induced to take up the pen by seeing a recommendation of a young ladies' school, which I have no doubt is a good one, over the signature of one of our most prominent men, justly regarded as an authority in all good works. The words I regretted were, "The lady successfully translates what is of use in the Kindergarten into our American uses." With all respect to the writer, I must say that no one thoroughly acquainted with Froebel's system could have written the sentence. I have heard others use similar expressions, asking, "Can the Kindergarten be adapted to American wants?" or, "Is it not putting off mental work too long, and making school a mere play-ground?"

To the first query I would reply, How can climate, or political institutions, or language and customs make any difference in the proper treatment of children's brains, or with the true order of mental development? Froebel studied this order like a man of science, as he was. It took him more than twenty-five years of thought and practice combined to make out his system. Many an intelligent mother and good teacher have happened upon isolated points of his training, but in forty years of practical teaching, twenty of which were in schools, and the rest in families, my own and others, I have never known a truly philosophic or scientific plan of early education till I knew Froebel's. No one who has ever seriously and persistently engaged in this work, can have failed, I think, to ask herself whether she has followed the best plan of doing it. For my own part, with whom teaching has always been a passion, I was always asking myself the question, and many is the book of education I have sat down to read, with a hope in my heart that one perchance wiser than myself had found out the secret—the true order of the development of the faculties. I soon found out that reading and spelling were but a

very small part of education for little children, and was often led to postpone these to a degree others thought very objectionable; but only in isolated cases did I apprehend that it ought not to be allowed at all at a very early age. Froebel has convinced me that education should begin with the training of the senses. Like all great discoveries, when they are made, it seems a very simple truth now, for we know that children are the victims of their senses, and that nothing can effectually release them from the thrall of them but an intelligent and legitimate use of them, and by their control, through the culture of the highest sentiments. Froebel's eye was ever upon the culture of love in the child?

The first propensity developed in a child is to seize upon what it wants, and it is not often, certainly it is not systematically opposed by teaching it to impart that precious something to one it loves, or at least to share it. In short, now we know, we see how true it is that the child itself should be the guide in our plan for its culture, by that natural development which the Kindergarten teacher skilfully organizes, but does not controvert. To controvert it excites only passionate opposition. To organize it makes it the instrument of progress.

Is not every child that is born under the sun a subject for this system, so far?

To the next question, "Is it not putting off mental work too long, and making school a mere play-ground?" I would reply that the amount of culture secured by this mode of developing the mind—by the aid, I mean, of its own *well-trained* senses—is incomparably greater than any that can possibly be given to children by mere reading, or by abstract counting or repetition of facts. If no child ever learned a word till it knew something to talk about, it would be well, and this system almost insures that process. It is easy enough to teach some children the words *cat*, *dog*, and other names of things, if they are placed under the picture of the same, but to teach them in any other way is in my opinion cruel, not because they suffer for each word visibly, but because it is an unnatural process, and when applied to words that do not even suggest an image, a difficult one. In the infancy of the race, picture-writing was the first mode of expressing ideas otherwise than by the voice. Then came hieroglyphics which are

symbolical, and at last these were reduced to letters, also symbolical of sounds and qualities, but we give to little children this late product of the mind of the race for their first brain-work! I have taught several hundred children to read, and always suffered in doing it, when they were not as old as six or seven, because I sympathized with the painful effort of brain. I was the first person (as far as I know) who devised the way of teaching by words instead of letters, and that was to a little Spanish boy of six, and because I saw no other way, but even that easy way was hard for little tots of four or five. I have elsewhere recorded the case of a poor little mortal who was trying to persuade to be "good" one day, by which I meant to look at A and B, and of whom, when I saw that my expression "try to be good" brought tears into his poor little eyes, I inquired "What does it mean to be good, Lewis?" He replied in a loud burst of grief "Ter be whipped!" I was too soft-hearted to make my little disciples suffer much in the pursuit of knowledge, and never committed the sin of punishing them for unavailing efforts, but I did beguile them in obedience to the wishes of parents oftener than I now like to remember. I gratefully acknowledge the boon many good mothers granted me of waiting till I was ready, and now that light has burst upon us, let us give up our prejudices and take the good way. The time of little children previous to seven years of age is not so valuable as the condition of their brains; but in this system of instruction the time is far better spent than formerly. No one who has had much experience can have failed to observe how much shorter time it takes for children to learn to read after they are six years old than earlier. In our language, the anomalous pronunciation, or spelling, or both, makes the process more difficult than in most others, and we do not teach it in the most philosophical way, or the easiest way for children. It can be taught by using the Continental or Italian alphabet so as to serve for the pronunciation of Italian, Spanish, German, Swedish, and even French, and by postponing it till a little maturity of observation is attained, we gain thus a very great advantage. This is only mentioned as an additional reason why we should adopt Froebel's principle upon the subject, instead of "adapting his system to American wants," which really means only to American prejudices, the sooner given up the better. I question whether another point could be found in which any one could suggest a change. Let me illustrate a little, to show that we do not wish to put off the period of learning to read

because it is troublesome, or to substitute play for earnest work. The words earnest work may alarm some persons who fear too early a stimulus of any kind. No one can deprecate the premature stimulus of the brain more than I do. Idleness itself is better than that, when it is possible to keep the Devil away from the idle. I am thinking of thousands of little three-year old creatures who might be cherubs, but who live in gutters, and hear wicked things said, and see wicked things done all the time. If the three years apprenticeship to evil could be changed to three years of blessed work made out of play, the primary schools as now organized would receive a very different set of subjects from those who now frequent them.

The first Kindergarten teaching to an infant is to give it little balls of beautiful colors to play with, that its eyes may learn to discriminate colors, that its little fingers may become developed and pliable by holding and catching them. Many little games with them may be taught by the mother, or the carefully trained nursery-maid, to develop heart and mind, and to exercise the limbs. In a more advanced stage of instruction in the school, for instance, it is shown a ball and a cube together, and by judicious questions is taught to observe the difference between the two forms, that one is round, the other square; one has corners and edges, the other has none; one has one surface, the other many; one will roll, the other will not; one can be caught in the hand without pain, the other can not be. The child is told that the ball is the shape of the earth (with a slight modification that can be shown at the moment by a gentle pressure of the thumb and finger), and that it is the fundamental form of every thing else. When the ball and cube have been clearly discriminated and discussed, and the child understands all the words used about them, they are compared with a cylinder of the same general dimensions—its likeness and unlikeness to both suggested, and then described by the child in answer to questions. These lessons will need much repetition, and form the topic of many half hours of talk. In a more advanced stage still, a small lump of wet clay is given to the child, which he is told to mold into a ball. It is a difficult work, and takes repeated efforts of the little hands. When it has been successfully done, it is proposed to make it into a cube, not by cutting it, but by pressing it upon the table on opposite sides, until it assumes the required shape. No particle of it is to be cut off or left, and when the child is afterward allowed to make any thing else of

it—and this modeling is a very entertaining series of lessons, the principle is inculcated that none of it is to be left; that there is nothing like rubbish in the world, but that every thing on this ball of earth, where God has placed us, can be turned to some use. We all know how the vivid imagination of childhood sees whatever it wishes to see in its playthings. Instruction like this teaches it to invent and create forms as well as to imagine them, and whenever it has a pile of cubes or other blocks to build with, the same principle is instilled, that every block must be put to use, and if one or two are left after following the law of symmetry with the rest, and it is not desirable or is too wearisome to begin again in order to work them in, they can be called men who are looking at the structure; an account is also required of the structure, its design, or its use, or what it is meant to resemble. The chaotic world is to be reduced to order as far as any part of it is used in lessons, that ideas of symmetry, precision, beauty, or use may be incidentally taught. So in the weaving of colored papers, every strand is to have its right place and its opposite, while the use of the weaving-needle, and subsequently of the thread-needle makes the little fingers pliable and deft.

The same principle is followed in the simple plan of drawing, out of which flowers forth such lovely forms. The folding and cutting of paper, done accurately, and by a rule, so as to insure pretty shapes, has far deeper significance than the mere making of paper boats and flowers. Every fold must be true, however many attempts at accuracy it involves, and a child very soon becomes sensitive to any wry crease or crooked cut, and is led to see the way in which either mars the final result of his little labors. Cubes are subsequently divided into pyramids, and these again into still smaller ones, so that cubes, pyramids, and bricks (which is another form of cubes—two in length and one-half in width) give great scope for building. Surface blocks, of a still greater variety of shapes, are used in progressive lessons where fundamental principles are given. All these occupations are to be used, when understood, in free invention, which (like free will in man) is never with impunity allowed to violate these fundamental laws. The cubic root is handled and practically understood, long before the time when mathematics are learned from books. So of trigonometry, which we know from our own Dr. Hill, can be practically taught before a scientific word is attached to the diagrams made with surface blocks. Lessons upon sticks

of one, two, three, four, and five inches in length cultivate another class of ideas, and can be laid in beautiful forms, and also made into transparent solids, by being united with moistened peas. As much arithmetic as children under seven years ought to learn, is taught by the various countings, addings, subtractions, and dividings involved in weaving, drawing, and block lessons. How much better conception a child has of a hundred who learns how it looks, than merely by the time it takes to count it.

The growth of plants from the very seeds is another important branch of Kindergarten culture, and teaches Naturo's laws as no description can do. The observation of insects and small animals, in comfortable circumstances, like a frog in a dish of moss and water, or fishes and shells in an aquarium, is desirable. The true Kindergarten teaches—indeed, brings in all her knowledge of Nature and Art, and must be herself pervaded with it. There is no craft or art that is not provided for, in this mode of developing the child, at an age when it wishes to examine every thing, and make every thing itself. The longer children are disabled from reading, even the books and papers provided for them, the better. If nothing is told them but by careful parents and properly-trained nursery-maids, evil may be kept from them much longer than if they can read the crude or the cruel literature provided by the greed of authors and publishers. This consideration, added to the one that deprecates that too early action of the brain involved in learning to read, should be enough to answer the objection made to this feature of the Kindergarten system.

One valuable principle incident to it is its slowly-progressive character. Nothing must be forced or hurried. Each one must be allowed to develop at its own rate, as one may say, without having the passion of emulation stirred, which lies *perdu* in the human soul.

I have dwelt upon some of the minutiae of this mode of instruction, in order to convince some inquirers and doubters that there is something in it "not yet dreamed of in their philosophy." I am far from denying that many children have received items of kindred instruction from good and intelligent mothers, and that many teachers have partially discovered the truth that all a child's faculties must be carefully trained, but where is the proof of the idea having been reduced to a system till Froebel did it? Pestalozzi's experiment, good as far as it went, did not attain to it—no one followed

up to their solution the hints Nature gave, before Froebel did it. Thousands and tens of thousands of the best educated people will tell you that many of their faculties, particularly their artistic faculties, were left wholly untrained; many young mothers lament their utter inability to instruct their own children, even if they have the leisure to do it. Froebel was mindful of mothers, and induced many to attend his lessons.

Teachers who give their schools the name without due preparation are less excusable than some of their apologizers, who may be supposed not to have looked into the matter, but that is a neglect which can not be pardoned any one who makes the profession of knowing what she has not studied.

The imperfection of schools, and the disastrous effects of them as generally administered, upon the moral natures of children, lead many to sequester their little ones too much from companions of their own age. The sooner they are put together, *under good guidance*, the better, but that requisite is imperative. The circum-

stances must be such as to insure the tenderness of the mother to each one, the defense of each one against the encroachments of the rest, and the unexcited, healthy, natural action of the mind. Imagine oneself looking down from a balloon into all the unroofed nurseries of a city. To these most of the children of the wealthy are confined for the greater part of the time, and under what influences? One shudders at the spectacle, and does not wonder that rich men's sons, for instance, do not turn out well, for they learn there what they may never unlearn. Look at the little denizens of hovels, from which even the mother's love is banished by her daily necessity of finding work to feed hungry mouths; and watch the poor little frequenters of streets, gutters, and stagnant pools, in both cities and suburbs. Under our institutions some of these children may in future take rank, and perhaps outstrip, in worldly honors, the pupils of the aristocratic nurseries, that have been educated by the Catholic Irish as truly as those in the street! Let us have Kindergartens!

THEORIES PUT IN PRACTICE;

Or, Extracts from the Diary of a Physician's Wife.

EDITED BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

WEDNESDAY, March 14.

MADGE having asked for her bill, the Doctor brought it to-day. He inquired of me her circumstances, and I told him that she had some money in the bank, but still was poor, being almost dependent on her wages. He diminished his bill by one-half, and left it with me to give to Madge. I thought that she would be pleased and grateful, but she flew into a passion, considering it a serious injustice and imposition to be obliged to pay *any thing* for having her life saved; for this is indeed the case. During several days of her sickness the doctor did not think it possible that she could live. Madge now says that she owes nothing to him. My indignation was so great at her ingratitude, that I did the only thing I could do, forbade her speaking of the subject to any one in the house. She could hardly be punished more severely than to be obliged to keep silence upon any matter of interest to her.

Thursday, March 15.—While they are still fresh in my mind, I will record some things which Mr. Welsh told me the other day. When quite young, he loved a young lady of great beauty of person and character, and his love was returned. Just at the time they were to be married he was left fatherless and motherless, and with three sisters and a little brother dependent upon his exertions. With a heroic spirit of self-denial, he deliberately made up his mind to sacrifice his own dearest inclinations, and to give up such a portion of his life as might be necessary to providing a good home and education for his sisters and brother. The lady whom he had loved was as heroic as he, and sustained his hands in the long, hard struggle which he endured. He conquered at last, and cheerfully too, for this he felt to be essential to his success. He was successful in business, and educated the whole family in accordance with their refined tastes and natural capacities.

When it was all done, and he could have married, the dear one was gone, except from his tender and loving recollection. As far as he can have it in this world, he has had his own reward in the gratitude and loving care of his family.

Mr. Welsh has been quite a musical proficient in his time; and, until he was seventy-three years of age, he led the choir in our church here in Lightwood. Henry says that he was a beautiful picture, with his delicate spiritual face glowing in sympathy with the feeling of the music he was interpreting, when engaged in training the choir in something new to them. His own voice was a clear, pure tenor, free, to his last public use of it, from the tremor so common to the voice of old age. It was the earnest wish of the choir, that he should continue with them, but he insisted that he was too old; and very soon after he was incapacitated for it by the loss of his health. Then came the loss of his property, and he the other day alluded most feelingly to the delicacy with which the church redeemed his valuable organ and his large collection of musical works, and gave them to him as a token of their appreciation of his former services. When living in New York, he was usually well acquainted with the celebrated singers, and speaks in specially high terms of Jenny Lind; for, as he says, "there was not only a voice, but a soul." In one of his musical conversations with her, he told her that, by some critics, she was accused of affectation and exaggeration in her singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The tears started to her eyes, she rose from her seat, and clasping her hands together, walked rapidly up and down the room, repeating "Ah, they should not say that, they should not say that!" Mr. Welsh says that her uplifted face seemed to him almost divine, and that, thereafter, her singing of these noble words, was, more than ever before, the expression of the most perfect and yet childlike trust and confidence in their truth.

Friday, March 16.—The few lovely Spring days that we have had make the house seem so close and unspringlike, that I have resolved to commence house-cleaning early, that the house may share the freshness of nature. And, at the same time, I have resolved upon another thing—that this operation of house-cleaning shall interfere as little as possible with Henry's comfort. It is not surprising that men should be made miserable by that kind of house-cleaning in which the whole house is in confusion at once. This, as well as all kinds of house-work, should

be conducted in such a way that nobody should experience any discomfort from it. Bridget finished ironing Tuesday, and Wednesday morning, after having the attic thoroughly swept, I took her into the large spare room, and assisted her in carrying out the lighter furniture. We then called in the young man who does Henry's stable work for him, and he aided Bridget in taking out the heavier furniture. Bridget then went vigorously to work, and all was done in such good season, that the room was in complete order when Henry returned to supper. I hope that I shall be as successful in carrying out my wishes in regard to the house-cleaning, as I have been in keeping "blue Monday" out of the house.

At the very commencement of my house-keeping, I decided that the washing should not be an event of sufficient importance to make every one uncomfortable. Instead of the old-time, sodden, warmed-over Monday dinner, savoring strongly of "suds," I myself cook the dinner on Monday, making it as nice as possible, so that not one thought of its being Monday shall enter the mind of any one.

Monday, March 19.—I took Madge to her brother's to-day, and think she is in a fair way to recruit rapidly. Aunt Minerva after her usual visit from the Deacon last night, announced to us her intention of being married the first week in May, and asked our permission to have a small wedding entertainment. We gave our consent with but one condition, viz., that the guests should not be served with wine. Aunt Minerva agreed to this only because she knew that there was no other course for her. And now, while she remains with us, I must try to make every thing as pleasant as possible for her. She has been more trying and disagreeable than before, since the scene we had with her in the winter, for she then adopted a manner which says as plainly as words that she considers herself much aggrieved.

When Henry and I are alone we speak of it as her "martyr air;" but to laugh at it affords only a little relief. It is very hard to be constantly with a person who preserves a gloomy silence, only volunteering a remark when necessity requires it, and vouchsafing only monosyllabic answers to inquiries. I have striven most earnestly to be cheerful and pleasant, but have sometimes failed to resist the depressing influence of Aunt Minerva's manner. We would be willing to apologize, if we could see that we had been at all in the wrong; but time only confirms us in the opinion that Henry took the

right course; and therefore to apologize would be to falsify ourselves.

Wednesday, March 21.—To-day, the air being mild, with hardly a breeze, I gave Miss Clinton a ride. She is a "chronic invalid," having spent most of the last thirty years in bed, but occasionally rallying and going among people for a few weeks at a time. Henry holds a theory in regard to such cases, which is not original with him, but which needs the test of careful and judicious practice to prove its correctness or incorrectness. He claims that such people are afflicted with mental disease, which assumes the form of imaginary physical complaint; and he thinks that the firm and commanding, but gentle treatment, which is adopted with the milder forms of insanity in asylums, is what is required.

Miss Clinton has been attended by all the older physicians of the vicinity, until she has become a standing joke among them. One of them is reported to have said that he considered Miss Clinton so hardy, and so toughened by her chronic invalidism, that she might be thrown over the house with impunity. During the past winter she has been better than usual, but is just showing symptoms of relapse. Henry thinks a great point would be gained, if he could keep her from this. So he has ridiculed her notions just enough to keep her in a state of half-indignation. This part of his treatment he calls "mental mustard." He is not afraid of being discharged, for he has won the family to his way of thinking, and they are ready to assist him to the best of their ability. Miss Clinton was sure this morning that she should catch her "death of cold," but Henry, in his contagious way, laughed at her, telling her that he thought a good, hearty cold might do her good. We rode about three miles, and I tried to keep her from talking of her symptoms and feelings, but was not particularly successful.

Thursday, March 22.—The meeting of the Society was very fully attended yesterday, for the question to be answered, "What sewing machine shall I buy?" is one of very general interest, and of much more importance than one might think, without giving the subject close consideration. When word was sent to me, and I was asked to give my opinion in full, of the machine which I have, my first thought was, What moral bearing has this subject? I soon saw the connection, and was prepared for the train of thought, which was followed out at the meeting. Mrs. Hutton first read a paper in *The Atlantic*

Monthly, by Parton, upon the subject of buying sewing machines, which is capital, as far as it goes. We all acknowledged the truth of his statement, that when a lady had made the tour of the different sewing machine establishments in New York, she was more unprepared than at first for selection, and indeed was in such a state of bewilderment as to be unable to distinguish a sewing machine from a wheelbarrow. This remark led Mrs. Hutton to the expression of her own thought, that it would be well, if every one before purchasing a sewing machine, should consider her own temperament, whether nervous or otherwise, her faculty for the comprehension of machinery, and her manner of doing work of any kind, whether careless or the reverse. For these three considerations ought to determine in a great measure, the particular machine a person should buy.

Mrs. Hutton had requested and obtained, the written opinion of thirty ladies, of the machine in their possession. Seven of these ladies owned Wheeler & Wilson machines; four, the Florence; five, the Grover & Baker; eight, the Willcox & Gibbs; three had hand machines, and the remaining three represented the Weed, Singer, and Finkle & Lyon machines. The letters were read in this order. One lady said that her Wheeler & Wilson was the greatest of mechanical blessings; that she had used hers for ten years, and had never experienced any trouble from it. The next wrote much the same as the first, except that the *machine would have freaks*, at which times its owner was in the habit of shutting it up like a naughty child, and leaving it until it was ready to behave! Rather an inconvenient arrangement if one had much work to do! Four of the Wheeler & Wilson ladies wrote that this particular machine was undoubtedly the best in use; but they were equally agreed in accusing it of remarkable fits of obstinacy. The remaining one came much nearer the truth in writing that she did not think the Wheeler & Wilson machine could be the right one for her; she had a great deal of work to do, and could not spend time in making efforts to discover the cause of disorder in the machine. She needed one which required little faculty to understand, for she was well aware that she did not possess this. She would be glad to exchange her machine for one more easily managed. The owners of the Florence were all convinced that they had the best machine in the country, for did it not possess a reversible feed, etc., etc.? But they must confess that they did not understand it. They had had them, respectively, from one to four years, but knew no more about them

than when they first bought them. The Grover & Baker ladies wrote that, for some purposes, their machines were very fine, as for embroidery, braiding, etc., but they complained of their want of economy for ordinary sewing, and of the heavy seam on the wrong side of a garment. Six of the Willcox & Gibbs ladies wrote most enthusiastic letters, claiming a string of advantages for this machine longer than those of all the other ones combined. Two alone complained of its sewing ripping easily; and, as they were present, Mrs. Hutton at once questioned them about their habits in the use of it, and found that they were not in the custom of fastening the ends of the seams. The other ladies called its ripping easily one of the chief points of excellence in the Willcox & Gibbs machine, and two of them had made a discovery which, they said, entitled this machine to lay claim to the advantage of great *economy*, which, they thought, had never been enumerated in the advertisements of its good qualities. Every one acquainted with this machine knows that it uses a good deal of cotton in the first place, much more than lock-stitch machines, and they also know, that in the case of sewing incorrectly, the seam can be ripped, and the cotton used a second time; while in the lock-stitch machines, it is all wasted. But these two ladies, in a very long use of the machine, had learned that all the cotton used could be turned to a second account. They said that, when a garment was worn past use, or needed alterations, they invariably wound the cotton raveled from it, and made use of it in basting, or in over-casting the rough edges of seams. The ladies owning the hand machines liked them very much for persons unable to use the treadle machines, but acknowledged that sewing could not be done as rapidly nor as agreeably as by the other kind.

If a woman has a clear head, no nervousness in her composition, and understands the complications of machinery easily, then she may dare to invest in a good lock-stitch machine, and it will undoubtedly be a source of great ease and comfort to her. But, if she is nervous, and hurried with work, and has no knowledge of machinery, a Willcox & Gibbs machine will be an invaluable blessing to her, while a lock-stitch machine would only increase her labor of body and mind. Mrs. Hutton called to mind the fact, that a large proportion of American women are of this class, who are overworked sometimes physically, sometimes mentally, and often in both ways; and remarked, that every mechanical assistance afforded them should be of the very best kind; and that the *moral* benefit of

this course would be in setting women free from the nervous worry, which disables them from doing any thing but the veriest plodding, and keeps them from comfort and enjoyment of life.

Saturday, March 31.—To-day Bridget finished the house-cleaning, with the exception of some rooms which I thought should be left until more settled weather should arrive. In order to finish to-day I found it necessary to assist myself nearly all day; and for this purpose, wore a calico dress until the time I expected Henry home. As usually happens upon such occasions, I received a number of calls, all from persons who know how to make allowance for necessary departures from custom, excepting one from Mrs. Mackenzie, who is so exceedingly proper and bound by etiquette. She has not been here before since she met Mrs. Fidder in the Fall, and attempted to console with me to-day upon my acquaintance with so *common* a woman. She said to me, “How very annoying it is, Mrs. Sanborn, to be obliged to know people so much beneath us! But we have to submit, with such a Government as we have. I often wish that I had been born in England, or some other country where I might keep aloof from the common herd.” This made me indignant, and I told her, much apparently to her mystification, that Mrs. Fidder was one of my most valued friends; that, although I could never be benefited intellectually by intercourse with her, I could be morally and spiritually, for she is one of those rare characters who never say an unkind word, never do an unkind act; and, as far as one can judge, do not even think uncharitably. And she is bringing up her children in this same lovely spirit of thinking and doing no evil. Surely such a woman is worthy the esteem of any one. I all at once discovered that I had gone beyond Mrs. Mackenzie’s depth—she sat gazing at me with the immobility of a statue, with the exception of an occasional glance at her faultless attire. At the first pause, she exclaimed, “What a *sweet* young minister we had on Sunday! Were you not perfectly delighted with his bee—autiful sermon? Such imagination—such eloquent words—and ah—ah—.” I replied that he certainly used fine language, but common sense came to my aid, and restrained me from giving my opinion of the young Cream Cheese, who officiated for Dr. Hutton last Sunday, and who was a fair representative of a class of young ministers now starting up in this country, who, I fear, will do the church very much harm, and who ought to be kept out of it at all hazards.

Just a Thought.

—
BY FRANCES DANA GAGE.

IF we never wasted our sunshine,
Or hung it in borrowed shrouds,
We might save enough, most any day,
To gild to-morrow's clouds.

And even if rain came pouring
Now and then, a chilling stream,
If garner'd well, we'd have in store
For every drip a beam.

I don't know how it is--there 're some
Can never get things right :
But yesterday, it was too dull ;
To-day it 's blinding bright.

In the spring they long for summer-time ;
In summer sigh for fall ;
And while the autumn forests glow,
Think winter best of all !

"It is too cold!" the birds can't sing ;
"Too hot!" it wilts the flowers ;
And something, somehow, all the time
Will cloud the sunniest hours.

If such would keep a strict account
Of each, the goods or ills that come,
They'd always find, on footing up,
The good the heaviest sum.

For every day of storm and cloud
Three sunny ones, at least ;
And five soft, sunny, genial winds,
Where one is really east.

Then bless the Lord, and cheerily
Accept Dame Nature's plan,
Resolved to make the best of it,
And better it if we can.

And, like the bees, just take the sweet
Where poison might be found ;
And gathering honey all the year,
Go scattering it around.

Home Life.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

IT is the boast of the Anglo-Saxon race that *Home* is one of their peculiar possessions or inventions; that the Latin races have no inheritance in it, and do not understand its meaning. No doubt this boast is more in word than in fact. If the French have no word for home, they show illustrations of domestic beauty and comfort as real as any in English cottages, or in American brown-stone fronts. The finest pictures of family life are found in some of the towns of Lorraine and Burgundy. But home is unquestionably a matter of more pride on the Northern than on the Southern side of the Channel. Your Englishman is never tired of insisting on that legal axiom that a man's house is his castle, or of repeating Dryden's borrowed phrase that home is his "sacred refuge." To a Frenchman home may be dear, but it is not sacred, like the Church: he has no altar in it, and his gods are not there. He is no more secure there than in his workshop, or in the street. There is no song in his language which holds the sentiment and the sigh of that "Sweet Home," which has for the Saxon of every grade of culture an inexhaustible charm.

Home, in its proper and lawful meaning, implies a house, in which one has not only habitation, but ownership. A house from which one is liable to be turned out at the caprice of a landlord, or in which one may not drive a nail without risk of a suit for damage, a house which is only leased, even with a long lease, can not be home in the fullest sense. Yet Americans, the most restless and vagrant of people, have almost transformed in their speech the meaning of the old word. Did not the valiant General of the Potowmack Army proclaim that his home was in the saddle? Do not the railway conductors, and some travellers too, aver that their home is on the road? In the valiant song of Britannia, her home is "on the deep," and a favorite lyric connects a home on the rolling deep with a life on the mountain wave. There are clerks in the cities, who tell you that their homes are half in the "store" and half in the restaurant; they sleep in one place and they eat in the other. The unfortunates who dwell in boarding-houses, and their name is legion, can blushingly send out "at home" cards for their wedding receptions. The portly bachelor feels himself perfectly at home in his well-furnished "hall."

And even the case which one may take in his inn is imagined to be a consciousness of home by the denizen on the fourth floor of a fashionable hotel. Even the Oneida Communists talk about their "homes," and probably Diogenes was at home in his tub.

The sacredness of home is considerably impaired by this lax style of applying the word. When hotels, and boarding-houses, and tenement-houses, and restaurants, and railway cars, can claim this name, the fine old sentiment will vanish out of it, and the song so sweet that there is no place like home become only a dying echo of a lost joy. Indeed home comes into some phrases in our speech, which seem to take away its credit. The school-boy feels insulted if his playmates call him a "home-boy;" it is as much as to say that he is a milk-sop, a baby, and wanting in spirit. Home-sickness is a malady of which all are ashamed, and which those who feel are careful to conceal. No American soldier would desert his ranks, when the band of the regiment ventures to strike up "sounds from home," even if the melody were more noble than the music of "eow bells"—the Swiss weakness has no parallel on this side of the Atlantic. Division of homes is possible here, and the man who is rich enough and lavish enough may have several homes at once, each with a valid and an equal title to the honorable name. Daniel Webster had at once a home among the New Hampshire hills, by the Marshfield sea-shore, and in a street in Boston, to say nothing of his home in Washington. Prescott, the historian, had homes in Boston, in Lynn, and in Pepperell, and divided his time among them. The Mormon Basnaw may boast that he is at home in every town in his territory, if the statement be true, that he owns a house and has a wife in every town. Nay, even one may have two homes in the same house, as he occupies one part in the winter, and another in the summer. We know of a man in Massachusetts whose house was on a border line between a city and the adjoining town, and who could change his home from town to city by going from the west to the east chamber. That double home under one roof was convenient when the tax-gatherer came round.

While these and other habits are likely to impair the traditional sacredness of home, it is all

the more important to insist upon home life, the most conservative of all good social influences. The nomad tastes of our people, strengthening continually by the facilities for travel, must not destroy the dear old home feeling, so bound up with the holiest of memories. We have not here the law of entail, which holds the house and the estate in the same line from one generation to another. The chances are that the best house will change owners within one generation, and that most houses will change owners many times. Comparatively few sons are satisfied to live in the house where their childhood was passed, even if it be refitted with all the modern improvements; or if they have filial piety enough to stay there, their wives will be rebellious. "A new home" is a genuine American phrase, and the emigrant goes to find a new home. Preaching will not stop this tendency to find new homes; the best counsel is to make the new home as nearly as possible like the old home in its style and its comfort.

How may home-life in our wayward, restless, adventurous, speculating American world best be realized? What will help to make a genuine home in all these disadvantages? We leave out of view in the answers to these questions the necessary sentiment at the basis of all domestic happiness, and do not insist that parental, filial and fraternal love are the assurance of a happy home. We will take it for granted that these exist, and ask only of the external aids which may make this love effective. For in spite of the fine verses of the poets, and the confident theories of school essays, the blessing and the reality of home depend quite as much on the adjuncts, as on the interior sentiment. Filial love, warm as it may be, can not make home out of a boarding-house, where six families, and as many more lone men and women are herded together. Home is made real by "circumstances" quite as much as by love.

1. The first need of home life, is that the head of the family *own his house*. This is not a rigid rule, certainly. If he can lease it for ninety-nine years, or even for fifty years, he may feel as free in the house as if he had paid the money and secured the fee, and registered the deed. But the sense of ownership in some kind he ought to have. All homes that are in hired houses are imperfect. They may imitate the genuine home, and perhaps for a time do as well, just as stucco imitates stone, and graining imitates the lines of costly wood, but they lack the first element of a good home, the sense of freedom, stability, and security. A man and his family feel more at home in a house with only

three rooms, which is really their own, than in a house four times as large, which has a landlord. Perhaps this definition of home will cut off the larger part of the so-called homes in our cities, yet the definition is according to fitness. A home in a hired house can not be complete. In Heaven, where is the highest home, there is no hired house.

2. Next to ownership of the house as a requisite for the feeling of a comfortable home, is *convenient and sufficient furniture*. Home is not real, without the conveniences of home. All the appliances of domestic use that are likely to be wanted must be there. In Oriental countries, a divan around the room, and a low stool or two, are considered to be ample furniture, even for the house of a Pasha. But in our civilized life that meagre standard will not be allowed as sufficient. To be at home in a house, we must have carpets and bureaus, and bedsteads, and chairs and tables, and all the things which seem to suggest permanent residence. Even a Methodist minister, itinerant by the system of his calling, needs more than his trunk and his saddle-bags, if he is to be at home with his parishioners. Too much furniture, indeed, is a nuisance. A house crowded with apparatus loses the proper sentiment of home, and suggests rather the idea of a warehouse or a barrack. There must be room to turn around, and to "swing the cat," if one may wish. But nothing can be more dreary than the aspect of the house which is as empty of all conveniences as a country railway station, or a doctor's office, in which the chairs are strictly limited to the number of the household, and all is stiff and uncomfortable. A Yankee home can hardly be genuine without one or more rocking-chairs; and the Boston congregation who gave their minister a dozen of these when they provided their parsonage took the most natural way of domesticating him at once. One ought to feel at ease in his home, and this can not be unless there is a certain ministry to indolence.

3. And this suggests the remark that in a true home the *whole house ought to belong to the family, and be occupied by them*. There ought to be spare chambers for the guests, and room for hospitality, but there should be no shut chambers, or shut parlors, sequestered from all domestic use. There should be no mysteries in the home, no place of oracle there. Every part of the house, from cellar to garret, should be open and known, not only lighted and ventilated, but visited too, by every member of the household. In a real home, the family always use the best part of their house, and live in the

whole of it. They go in at the front door, as well as as at the back door, they go up by the wide staircase as well as by the narrow staircase, and they use the soft cushions, the damask and the velvet, as well as the cane seat and the straw matting. In a genuine house, no part or appendage of the house ought to be too good for those who are members of the family. Even the servants, if they live in the kitchen, ought to know what is in the rooms above them, and not feel that they are outlaws anywhere within the walls. In the Puritan days, there was none of that separation of the place of master and servant in the house which is now so vigorously kept. The family felt all the more at home that Sambo and Dinah with their white teeth, and their shining skin, and their ringing laugh, were in the room when the jest went round. The only remnant of that way in the custom of evangelical households is in calling the servants to attend family worship. They may be at home in the prayers of the house, though they can not be in all its joys. It is well in the home that each member should have his own retreat, his own chamber, the daughters and the sons, and the servants, but not well that there should be no feeling of common right in the house.

4. And a good home is not all within the walls of the house. The first home of the first family was not in a house at all, but in a garden. To realize the home now, there *ought to be a garden attached to it*, some space open to the sky in which green things and bright things may grow, and the family may enjoy God's sunlight together. Timo may bring the home feeling even in the centro of a brick block with a sidewalk in front, and a paved area of ten feet square in the rear; yet this kind of a home will resemble the real home only as a crypt resembles a church. Some kind of a garden every true home ought to have, a clear space in front or in rear or around. This ought to be the dividing bound of the family estate, and not merely a hateful and harsh wall. When you see a garden around a house, in country or in city, you instinctively imagine a family there, that it is not a hermitage, or a tenement-house, but that they own their premises and use the property together. A garden, with climbing plants, is the sign that the family are there to stay, and do not expect with quarter-day to take up their march, and seek a new habitation.

5. Every well-ordered home will have a *library*. Until this in some form comes into the house, it has not the right to be called more than a lodging-house, or an eating-house, however sumptuously it may be furnished. How many

books are necessary to make a library we shall not venture to say, or whether the old Puritan measure of the Bible, the dictionary, and the spelling book is to be taken as the unit, or rather Trinity in unity. Books enough to meet the ordinary need of intercourse and conversation and reference, the "standard works," enough to give the impression of culture and intelligence; homo must have these, even if it has to spare some physical comforts to get them. Books in the house are a binding influence between members of the family, the moans of dispersing the clouds, making raining days useful, and enlivening hours of solitude. And in a true home the library will not be "stowed away" in a closet or a dark room, but will be in the centre of the house, in the meeting-place of the family, where the young and the old together catch inspiration in its gathered hoard. In the true home the library will be the favorite "sitting-room."

6. And we are disposed to mention *instruments of music* as a proper appendage to comfortable home life. A home which never has any music in it may be neat, orderly, quiet, even in its routine, and may train its children in exemplary ways, but it lacks one of the best influences of domestic union. A piano in good tune not only leads in the music of the song of home, but it makes home sweet, even where epithets of endearment are not lavished. Heaven comes into that home more surely. Very few households are so unfortunate that every member is insensible to harmony, that there is no music in the soul of any. There will usually be some one who can bring out the angel from the chords; and if no one in the family can do this, it may be done by the stranger within the gates. We have known more than one home where the piano was only for friends in their visits; but it made the visits of friends more frequent and more welcome. Music there ought to be in every home, not only the music of a mother "singing to her clean, fat, rosy babe," which the radical Cobbett so much glorifies, but the musing of consenting voices and consenting harps. The head of the house may be a good steward, without any musical knowledge, but a true father will know more than the "two tunes," between which he can not decide, when he hears his daughter strike the keys. The best sentiment of home connects itself from infancy to age, with the voice of music.

7. And home is more fully realized, when *all the family are together*. There is a painful absurdity in talking of the pleasure of home when the children of the house are scattered, or the parents are perpetually absent. A father who

spends all his time in his shop, or in his club, except the hours of the night in which he sleeps, or the minutes which he gives for meals, knows nothing of the satisfaction of home. This is one of the solecisms of American life, that men of wealth lavish so much upon their houses, but are in these houses so little. The children, too, are sent away to boarding-schools, or to Europe, and three-quarters of the great house remains unoccupied. Of course, in the passage of life and the changes of fortune, it is inevitable that the family circle should be broken up. The lone widow, whose children have gone away from her as they have married and settled in life, may speak of her "home" as the place where she has lived so long, though now no one is with her there. The forms of the departed are there in her thought, and she has society in her memories. But while the children are yet in tender years and in leading-strings, home implies that they are together in the house, and are not scattered in foreign and uncongenial abodes. For a good part of every week-day, for a large part of every Sunday, the parents and children ought to be in each other's close society. It is more important for a man of business to be in his home, than to provide merely for its enlargement. The "club" is no place for one who has wife and children, it is an institution for the refuge of grim and forlorn celibates, and even for them is of doubtful value. Genuine home-life implies a hearty love for the society in the house, which will hold this as close and as long as the children are willing to

remain. Home is a place for men as much as for women, for the sons as much as for the daughters. And no one has a true home, when there is any place that he loves better to be in than his home. Even the church must be second to this.

Other suggestions about home we might offer, to allow freedom there, to take interest in the work that all are doing, and in the language of one of Mr. Hale's heroes, to "lend a hand." But these are enough to indicate the character of a home. It is our sad conviction, nevertheless, that these advices are not likely to be heeded, as they are so unlike the habit of the time and the spirit of the age. Our restless people are more and more getting away from all love for home, which is too quiet and old-fashioned. The street, with its shows and parade; public assemblies; the facilities for travel; the fever of emigration and change; are carrying us away from the old idea of family union. Our economical schemes suggest life in lodgings and in great hotels as the rational substitute for the confined family circle. Socialism in all its theories denies the simplicity of home. The programme of Mrs. Woodhull and her associates leaves home wholly out of the question. When mothers begin to denounce the tyranny of the family relation, and proclaim that its yoke must be thrown off, then home life will pass into a tradition. When infants are sent away to be nursed, home is sent out of the house.

Secret of a Wholesome Life.

BY MISS M. M. WISWELL.

LONG ago, when the world was younger and more romantic than now, there lived a certain adventurer, to whom life seemed too short for the great deeds he wished to perform. His course had been one of danger and peril, rewarded by success, but now, while the fire of youth still burned in his heart, and visions of wealth and fame to be gained were ever present to his imagination, the power of endurance that had marked his youthful days, was fast passing away. So he listened eagerly to stories told of an island far to the northwest, ever looming with flowers, and whose inhabitants were always

young. For in the midst of this island there was a fountain, whose waters possessed such wondrous virtue, that any man bowed down with age and infirmity who should bathe in them would be restored to youth. So, with part of his wealth, he fitted out a fleet, and set sail to find the fairy fountain. He touched at many beautiful islands, and bathed in many sparkling rivers, but never found his youth again. His weary voyage only added to his gray hairs, and disappointment consumed the fire in his heart, and he died. Perhaps he found the fairy fountain then. Who knows?

We may smile perhaps at this man's hopeless search for that which existed only in fable, but in our search after health, have we not, after all, a secret sympathy with him. He desired to escape weakness and infirmity, to regain strength and endurance; our desire is the same. He sought in distant countries for a miraculous fountain; we seek for the laws that govern life, that we may learn to keep them. We call him romantic, and ourselves reasonable.

But in every search after truth, there must be a season of darkness and doubt, while many false theories are being tried and tested, and finally cast aside, before the true theory is established. So we have some reason to fear, that like this poor voyager, we too shall touch at many islands and bathe in many fountains, and finally grow old and die, before the true laws which govern life have been discovered, and we have learned how to live rightly.

We know that there is great need of reform among our people generally. When we consider the general decay of vigor, and quick susceptibility to disease, which characterize the people of to-day, we are convinced that we must be living in the constant violation of the laws of health, whatever they may be. But if we search in the works of those who have given their time and attention to this subject, to find out how to correct our lives, we shall be often puzzled. All agree that we are wrong, but do not agree as to how we can become right. We are told that our manner of dress is unhealthful, that our habits in regard to sleep, exercise, and diet are wrong, that we overwork ourselves, etc. But wherein we shall change for the better, our advisers disagree. Some good authorities tell us to abstain from meat, others equally good, strongly recommend it. Some say, Avoid condiments; others say, Use them. Some say, Take as little drink as possible, never stimulating drinks; others say, They are often useful and necessary.

If we turn in our doubt and perplexity, and examine the lives and habits of those individuals and classes of men who have been most remarkable for strength and endurance, and have lived to the greatest age, we shall find here the widest diversity. In their diet and habits of life no two seem to be agreed. We shall frequently find that some things that we had settled in our own minds as being essential, have been habitually disregarded by some of these men.

Nevertheless, the truth lies somewhere. These men who have lived long and healthful lives must have kept, either consciously or unconsciously, some great fundamental law of

health, however they may have varied in their regard for the less important rules of life. May it not be possible that these matters of diet and exercise, and so forth, all belong to the lesser parts of the law, and that we are too apt to overlook the great fundamental law, which underlies the whole, and includes them, without which there can not be really good health, and in the keeping of which the lesser laws follow naturally, or may be frequently departed from without great loss?

Lest I should fail to make my meaning clear just here, let me use an illustration, which will be familiar to us all. We can all recollect times in our childhood when we made unusual efforts to be good. I remember that I used at such times to be greatly troubled by the many ways in which it was possible to do wrong, and by the multitude of rules that a good child must learn to keep. While I was doing my best to keep the rule about obedience, I found myself forgetting to be gentle, while trying specially to be gentle, I failed in regard to diligence while working away at that, I found myself growing careless in regard to truthfulness, and so on till there seemed to be no end to the rules I ought to keep in mind, but continually forgot. I said, in my despair, that I never could keep so many rules; I thought if there had been but one rule given to us, I would not have cared how hard it might be, or how long it might take, I would certainly learn to keep it.

When I grew older I found the *one* rule I had longed for, a little rule of only one word, but it contained the whole matter, and I saw, that if I could but learn to keep that perfectly, the others would keep themselves. For Love is indeed the fulfilling of the Law. Now we know, that by the living out of this one great principle, many beautiful characters are developed, although there may be an almost infinite variety of opinions and practices in regard to the lesser matters of the law. And we know that there is a great variety of sects in the world, which no man can number, who differ and dispute among themselves about many matters, but all meet in the belief and practice of the one great law of Love, and so really form one brotherhood. Also we know that if any man takes up any of the lesser matters, and makes a hobby of it, that is, gives to it the preëminence that belongs only to the law of Love, he develops into a one-sided character, and soon loses the respect of others, as a man of good sense and judgment.

It seems to me just so with this matter of health. There must be one great principle at the foundation, which includes all the lesser

rules, or admits of great variety of opinion in the practice of them, so long as this one great law is kept. And in examining the cases of men who have lived the longest and most healthful lives, however widely they may have differed in their diet and habits, we shall find them, I think, agreeing in one particular. In some way they all succeeded in attaining to a calm and cheerful state of mind.

Sometimes, they have been born with a disposition that takes life easily, a very blessed inheritance. Sometimes, we find them among the peasant class of a people, and the secret of their quiet temper seems to be that they know they can not rise above their station, and so content themselves with the daily life as it comes, and are never fretted or chafed by disappointed ambition. Often, we find them among those born to a high station in life, where, having no petty anxieties about ways and means, their social position being secured without an effort on their own part, they quietly follow the pursuits most agreeable to their tastes and live to a peaceful old age. Sometimes, though rarely, we find this even temper and quiet mind acquired under very disadvantageous outward circumstances, by an unshaken confidence in a Supreme Being possessed of infinite power, wisdom, and love, whose tenderness notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads. So that by a strong faith in a loving special Providence, some few learn St. Paul's lesson, "In whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

I believe that the real secret of a healthful life is a temper quiet, cheerful, and serene. For one who possesses such a mind naturally avoids extremes, and is temperate in diet and all the habits of life. By living in the atmosphere of peace, which a quiet and contented mind always makes for itself, the constitution acquires a certain elasticity which enable it to throw off the pernicious effects of some bad habit, like the daily use of a harmful article of food or stimulant. Perhaps it might not be too much to say, that the constitution even acquires a certain strength by having some evil to resist, in the same way that a man who has a daily temptation acquires by its daily resistance a moral strength that is far more valuable than the virtue of that man who is never tempted and never needs to resist.

If Love is the beginning and end of the moral law, is not Peace the Alpha and Omega of the physical law? And if we give the precedence to diet, or exercise, or cleanliness, or regularity, or any other physical virtue, do we not make the same mistake that he makes who places

faith, or temperance, or justice, or any other moral virtue before Charity?

Why is it that the state of vitality among the American people is so low that diseases, especially of the nerves, are so common, and that as a nation we are short-lived? Is it not because we are the most restless people on the face of the earth? And yet we never try to calm down this feverish restlessness, but rather encourage it. The little boys in our public schools are urged to greater diligence by being told that they may become Presidents of the United States some day. Our rich and glorious country holds in her hands so many prizes for all who will work for them, that our little children become ambitious, even before they know how to spell the word. So long as we educate them to be restless instead of quiet, and bring them up in this utter disregard of the one great fundamental law of health, can we expect that any amount of strict attention to lesser rules of diet and exercise will confer upon them this greatest of all earthly blessings?

But the age is fast, the world is in a hurry and how can we think of rest? Shall we, who, not content with pressing fire and water into our service to drive us through the world, have even called upon the lightning to carry our thoughts to distant lands in the twinkling of an eye, shall we stop now?

We will do any thing else you tell us, dress our children in flannel, if you say so, give them a dozen baths a week, put them through courses of gymnastics, feed them on Graham, and deny them meat, but how can we teach them rest, when the watchword of the age is Progress, and the motto of the world, Excelsior.

And after all, the little lamps may burn out early, all because we would not listen to the voice which said, "These things ought ye to have done, but not to have left the others undone."

A FAMILY OF SUICIDES.—At the inquest of the body of a man who committed suicide recently in St. Louis, the fact was developed that he had attempted to hang himself five months before, but was cut down by his wife, and that he was the last of a family of six brothers and sisters, all of whom had died by their own hands. It would be interesting to know the condition of the parents of this family, and their mental and physical habits. Persons with proclivities to suicide should use such remedies as will help them to overcome it. They are mainly hygiene.

My Medical Advisers.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

A LITTLE pet of mine became suddenly quite ill, so one warm summer day I hurried off with her to a more healthy Long Island retreat. She was the only baby on board the boat, and there were many maternal and grand-maternal hearts beating around her, while experienced maiden aunts filled up the chairs in the corners.

Alice was a pretty child, but the rose was stealing out of her cheek, the violet fading in the eye, and about the cherub mouth sharp, dark lines were fast coming. I was going away from the best of physicians, but had I been as ignorant as the Babes in the Woods, I could not have been more enlightened than I was that day on the steamboat. "That child looks as if she was goin' to die right off," said one lady, coming up to me; "but if you'll give her strong green tea six times a day, she'll surely get well. It raised our Susy right up from the grave, when she was so far gone she couldn't lift her head," and the woman went up on deck, as she said, "to see the skenerry."

"Don't mind what she says," said a sharp-eyed, long-nosed person at my right hand; "you'd kill that child if you giv it green tea—green tea is rank pisen—it is dried on copper! Our John went off in fits, and Pop and I thought it was nothin' but the green tea Sally gave him. Pop and I and Sally had given him, faithfully, every thing every body told us to, and sure we'd cured him, if it hadn't been for the tea. *A little black tea, every hour, will keep off diarrhea, and make the teeth come straight along. It's better than doctor's stuff—doctors don't know nothin' about baby's constitushers.*"

A very prim, positive, peculiar-looking individual came and put her hand on my shoulder, and looked right into my face as she said, "You can't tell me nothin' about children. I've raised ten on 'em; I let 'em eat raw apples, and plums, and pears, day and night, skins and all, and none on 'em ever had the infanty. Only John had one or two fits." A fat Dutch woman, in the big rocking-chair in the corner, said her Dutch doctor told her to let the children eat green apples from the time they were leetle bits of things on the trees, and eat them all along until they were ripe, and they needn't be afraid of cholery or infanty. The children

never were sick, only Josh, he had eolie sometimes; may be 'twas 'cause he didn't get apples enough—apples were so scarce Pop didn't want him to eat 'em all, but he gave him plenty of raw turnips—she thought that might do as well. Her sister said she "hadn't tried the apples, but she gave her children 'lasses and water—plenty of it, and she let 'em eat every thing—she did, from the time they were born—tators, apple-sars, pickles, and all, and they were always orderly—never too open, and never shot up." A little woman sitting just behind me on a sofa said, "I giv my Betsy Ann Winslow's Soother' Serep—fourteen bottles of it. I gave it by spells, day and night, and she never cried, and never was sick, as children most allers are, teethin'. Sho died years after, but diarrhea didn't kill her; she had water on the brain. Pop said she must have cotched that somewhere." "Take that child," said a woman standing in front of me, and looking into the child's face; "take that child where a woman has just died, and put the hand of the corpse on your child's face—she'll get well right off, whatever the matter with her;" and she said she "was cured of neuralgia by getting a hair off a black boy's head and putting it over the spot where the pain began."

"I wish you could get some of old Moses's green salve," said another; "and you needn't give a grain of doctor-stuff—just rub this salve all over her, and it would cure her. I've seen it cure the dipthery, and broheet, and airy-sipple. I was so miserable one night I thought I would die, and I hadn't a grain of Moses's salve in the house, but the old man harnassed up the mare and went to Ferry Pond and brought back some salve, and it set me right up again. Next day I did a rare big washin', besides churnin' fourteen pounds of butter, and makin' a dozen pot-cheeses for market."

"I wouldn't bring up a teethin' child in the city," said another; "for nothin' in the world—you can't raise it; but if you hain't no other spot on arth to live in, give the child every mornin' a cup of milk and a tablespoon of black pepper. Granny says, if pepper and milk won't cure, nothin' else will."

"I don't believe in givin' children nothin'," said the oldest looking woman on the boat.

"When their time comes they'll die anyhow—if the Lord wants 'em you can't keep 'em. I've buried eleven of 'em, and I know I'm right—and it cost a sight to bury 'em, too."

"Why on arth don't you take that child to Jersey?" said an old woman in green spectacles sitting by the window, most violently fanning herself. "Jersey is the only place where you're sure to raise 'em. They never have the cholery in the Jerseys. My Sally raised seventeen on 'em in Jersey. None on 'em died. Mebbe she'd lost 'em all if Pop hadn't bought a place in the Jerseys for her." The old lady coughed so hard I ventured to recommend to her some olive tar. "Oliver Tar, Oliver Tar! I think I've heard of him before. He's one of

your city doctors. No, I'll wait until old Moses comes along."

I thought after these individuals had all given their prescriptions, what a pity they couldn't be all boiled down in one big tea-kettle; somebody might get some real good strengthening syrup out of them. As for myself, I did follow one prescription: we bought a place in Jersey, and Gracie's teeth came all right.

Why should all the young doctors task their brains with scientific diagnosis and prognosis, or waste their money in going to Europe, or spend their time in perambulating hospitals, when they might take a steamboat and go to Long Island and get wisdom wiser than Solomon's!

Information as to Human Longevity.

BY E. RAY LANKESTER, B. A., OXFORD.

BEFORE making inquiry, one is apt to suppose that a good deal must be known as to the probable duration of human life; that there are, at any rate, statistics of some nations or periods of which assurance companies make use. But there are statistics and statistics,* and very few of the calculations relating to this matter are of real value. Besides statistics, as observed in a previous paragraph, we have general impressions either brought home by travelers or current among a people, and appearing in their sayings, poetry, traditions, and philosophy. In addition to these classes of evidence, we have experiments and observations on individuals which are of little value. Were sure post-mortem signs of yearage—not of wearage only—traceable, we might have a class of evidence from examination of dead bodies. But there are no sufficiently definite signs

known, though Professor Rolleston's investigation of the Anglo-Saxon interments at Frilford shows how such evidence may be of use in regard to average longevity or mortality. Cases of *individual* longevity in any race or condition of men carry little scientific value, and none that are recorded appear to assist in the discussion of the general question as to causes, but belong to the subject of abnormal longevity, of which a few words will be said before concluding. The incompetence of travelers to bring home facts as to longevity is obvious. They can not make direct observations, or take a census of the peoples they see; hence Messrs. Wallace, Bates, Darwin, Livingstone, and others, able observers as they are, give no information of use. Even in our own colonies, where civilized men are in close contact with the barbarians of whom we desire the knowledge, no records have been obtained. Thus, in an elaborate Report by Mr. Fenton to the Government on the natives of New Zealand, published in The Statistical Society's Journal, the whole statement is quite barren of any facts relating to the *longevity* of the Maoris. A kind of census is given, in which all above puberty are distinguished from all below puberty, but no greater detail than this. Even less is known of the North American Indians, the writer hav-

* Professor Huxley most truly observes that there are "many cases in which the admitted accuracy of mathematical processes is allowed to throw a wholly inadmissible appearance of authority over the results obtained by them. Mathematics may be compared to a mill of exquisite workmanship, which grinds you stuff of any degree of fineness; but, nevertheless, what you get out depends on what you put in; and as the grandest mill in the world will not extract wheat-flour from peascods, so pages of formulæ will not get a definite result out of 'loose data.'"

ing consulted many authorities and raees. Even in China, so highly organized and eivilized, nothing definite can be ascertained statistically. That acuto and aeocomplished man, Sir John Bowring, says, "I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory tables to show the proportion which different ages bear to one another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life. Of the native population of British India, thoroughly permeated as it is by European administration, nothing is *known* relating to longevity. Englishmen who have been residents are of opinion that the natives of all classes have a much less potential longevity than Europeans, being very old at 60.* Mr. Hendriks states that the assurance eompaniess will not take native lives at all, there being a general impression that they are bad, and a eertainty that the natives lie so determinedly that no proper tables can possibly be framed.† From many places we have such loose and valueless statements as the following, which relates to Nova Scotia, and is the only one that need be quoted: 'Its inhabitants often live to extreme age, many attaining 90, and even 100 years,' a statement that could be made with equal truth and equal futility of any area within the limits of civilization.

There are some definite statements in poetic and other authors, which are of more value as reflecting the eommon judgment of a place, people, or time, on this question. Thus the Psalmist and the writer in Genesis give authoritative statements so far as their day and nationality; while Shakespeare's, Flourens's, Cabanis's, the Chinese, and other divisions of the term of life indicate the writer's estimation of that period for man as he knew him.

Returning to the matter of statistics, we find that there are few countries whieh have kept returns, or in which the shifting nature of the population has allowed the necessary facts to be readily aquired, even among the most civilized; and what we noticee very conspicuously is that the statisstics have been utterly misinterpreted, and made to furnish eonelusions by

* It appears from the writer's special inquiries that the medical army officers are of this opinion. Dr. Lawson has prepared a report for the Government on the *mortality* of natives and whites of the West African coast, hut he can give no information as to longevity, except from general impression.

† A writer in The Statistical Society's Journal states that *women*, as a rule, have an advantage in their dealings with assurance societiees, which he attributes to their deceit, since they conceal diseases from the physicians, and are guided by the anticipation of coming disease to insure !

faulty logic. The Northampton life-table of Price is a remarkable instance of this. And we may point to the discrepancies in some of the life-tables appended, when treating of the same classes, as further examples. It is indeed only within the last twenty years that really sound eonelusions as regards longevity have been deduced from the statistics of population. In Sweden, England,* Belgium, Holland, and Bavaria alone are there statistics which are of sufficient value to quote. France has no sufficient returns (though the old tables, now considered untrustworthy, are given herewith), nor Ameriea nor other European states. Statistics are liable to error when relating, above all things, to old age; since, as men get old they lose their memory, or gain a superstitious reverence from others, whieh induces them to lengthen their reputed age, or to allow others to do so for them. The Russian census, in which so many persons are returned as over 150 years of age, is worthless in this regard, on account of the ignorance and superstition of the lower classes;† while the interesting comparissons whieh might fairly be anticipated from facts as to the negroes and whites in the United States are similarly rendered quite useless and untrustworthy. Thus the average age of those dying above 20 at Charleston appears as 47.74 for whites, and 52.56 for blacks. (Wynn, *loc. cit.*) Leaving out of the question all other interfering causes as to shifting of population, the greater age of the blacks is quite probably due to their inventive and imaginative talents.

Americans tell us that the number of negroes reputed to have been "servant to George Washington" is something extraordinary. It is clear that numerous advantages, in the shape of diminished labor, are to be obtained by pleading old age, or greater price than he would otherwise realize may have been gained by the slave-dealer by passing off a youth as a mature man.

The Swedish life-table, constructed from the longest and most various returns, is considered the best and truest, while great value is also attached to the English and Belgian life-tables.

* There are no facts as to Ireland. Mr. Hendriks, in a letter to the writer, states that he believes they are not such good lives, *prima facie*, as English lives. Bacon, on the other hand, relates wonderful things of the "*Huberi sylvestres*," who are, he says, very long-lived; and he mentions, among other customs, their frequent use of saffron as a draught. Irishmen have abandoned this potion and taken to others—and are not now so celebrated for long life.

† According to the Russian census, the age of 100 is reached by nine persons out of every 10,000 that is born—that is, by nearly 1 in 1,000. This is known to be absurd.

STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.—

Wouldst thou have health, and length of life,
These rules obey: *Be wise*
In that you eat, chew well,
And sleep, and bathe, and exercise.—*Houghton.*

WATER.—We can not be too careful of the purity and healthfulness of the water we drink. The most dangerous is that containing animal or fecal matter in suspension. Never use discolored water. Those who live in regions where the water is bad should use more fruit, and the juices of fruit, to supply the fluid of the system, and take no more water than they can help. The diseases caused by bad water are,

1. Dyspepsia. Hard water is likely to produce this disease. Who does not know that horses get into a bad way by drinking hard water, and have a rough coat, constipation, loss of appetite, and dyspepsia. Custom partly removes these effects, but not entirely.

2. Diarrhea. Hard water may not produce this disease, but water containing animal, mineral, or vegetable matter in it very often does.

3. Dysentery is thought to be produced by impure water, quite as frequently as by any other cause.

4. Malarial diseases may be produced by drinking water from marshes.

5. Typhoid fever often results from using filthy water. Always avoid all such.

6. Cholera poison has been carried into water, and produced it when used for drink.

7. Water impregnated with sulphurous acid causes injury to the bones, and if to them, why not to the other tissues?

8. Calculi is believed by many writers to result from the use of water in limestone districts.

9. Goitre is thought to result from the use of water containing certain minerals, as lime and magnesia.

10. Tape-worm and other internal animals may be taken in our drink, as well as in our food.

11. Lead, zinc, copper, and other metals dissolved in water, are often the cause of poisoning. We repeat again, secure good water for family use.

SODA WATER.—A subscriber asks if soda water, now so generally popular everywhere, is wholesome. We answer, Yes, and No, according to circumstances. Yes, if made as it ought to be; No, if made as too often it is. For the information of our readers, we will explain: Soda water contains no soda. The effervescence is caused by carbonic acid water, and that gas is generated by means of the action of sulphuric acid on marble. The carbonic acid set loose by this chemical action is not unwholesome in the drink. The syrups which are used to flavor the drink, if made from fruits, as it is claimed that they are by most dispensers, are wholesome, and very pleasant to the taste, but when made, as too often, and in a majority of cases, they are, from organic or other acids, they are not wholesome. Pure strawberry syrup, for instance, is delicious, but when made from nitric ether, glycerine, much alcohol, and the different forms of amyl, we decline to commend it; other fruit syrups are made in much the same way. We wish that the public would demand a choice fruit syrup for their drinks. It would make a market for fruits, and thus help the horticulturist; whereas now the chemist is the principal gainer. A glass of so-called soda water costs about one cent, and sells for ten. For this profit, dispensers can afford to make a choice article.

NONSENSE.—“White and sweet potatoes are poor food for brain and muscle; but, when eaten with the skin on make enamel for the teeth.” So says a medical exchange, to which we add, Nonsense.

HYGIENE FOR THE SABBATH—THE SABBATH A DAY OF GLUTTONY.—A great many really pious people, who affirm that they desire above all things to keep the Sabbath holy unto the Lord, make of it a day of downright gluttony. But they are not aware of that fact; and if it be suggested to them, they would feel shocked by such a gross insult. The more I see of the manner in which the great mass of people spend their Sabbaths, the more I am convinced of the truthfulness of this assertion. But that is not the worst of this evil. By making of this holy day a season of gluttony, people unfit themselves for the elevating pleasures, profitable meditation, and spiritual improvement for which this sacred day was designed; and, instead of rendering it a day to rejuvenate their over-taxed and exhausted energies, they make it a means of depriving themselves of a world of exquisite pleasure and enjoyment, and of materially shortening their days.

I know this to be true from my own personal experience, which will coincide perfectly with the experience of thousands of good people, who have made themselves familiar with their peculiar feelings on this sacred day of rest. I believe that multitudes of people have come to an untimely end, in consequence of their unmitigated gluttony on the Sabbath-day.

Let us look into the truthfulness of these assertions. When I was accustomed to spend six days of the week in severe manual labor on the farm, I almost invariably felt less inclined to perform my accustomed duties on Monday than on any other day of the seven. Work almost always went much harder on Monday than on any other day. This is the universal complaint the world over. The laboring classes, especially, complain sorely of feeling so fatigued and weary on Monday that they are scarcely able to summon sufficient ambition to engage in light work. If the Sabbath were spent as it should be they would feel refreshed.

Now for the cause, which is no other than wicked gluttony! After laboring hard all the week, I was wont to look forward to the Sabbath as a day of *rest*. When the sacred day arrived, I thought, as multitudes of people now continue to think, that I must take my accustomed allowance of food, for the purpose of repairing the exhausted energies of the body. It is a fact, that most people of all classes, especially in populous cities and villages, make preparations for eating and drinking more on Sunday, than on any other day. A great many men, whose duties detain them from the bosom of their families every day but Sunday, always

calculate to have a kind of weekly festival on the Sabbath, as they then dine with those they love.

Poor men who have toiled so laboriously all the week, feel as if it is proper and right that they should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of their labor, and let their souls delight in fatness. Consequently, a very liberal supply of good things is provided; and all the satisfaction that the Sabbath of the Lord brings to them is the momentary gratification that one feels while partaking of a frugal meal, fragrant, smoking, and warm. The regular habits are broken up by the peculiar management of secular affairs, with reference to the Sabbath. More labor is frequently accomplished on Saturday, and the entire household are trained to labor two hours longer on Saturday night, than on any other evening; because, the next day is "a day of rest;" and they can rest two hours longer than usual in the morning; and thus swindle the Sabbath out of two hours. I have known more than one professing Christian so plan his domestic affairs, that on Saturday toward evening they would go to market, or on errands, which would require all the time till nearly midnight, before they could return; and then make up the time that they usually spend in bed on Sabbath morning. I am sorry to record that a great many profoundly excellent Christians are *accustomed* to do this.

The result is, breakfast is two hours later than usual; the appetite is unusually sharp; a bountiful supply of good things is delicious to the taste; the usual exercise is not taken to work off a heavy meal; every vein in the body is distended with blood; an almost unendurable plethora, or fullness follows; dullness and a feeling of indisposition comes on; and the poor soul feels that hard toil is wearing him out. Therefore, he crams down more nourishing food, to repair the waste of the body, when the whole system is already so gorged with nourishment which the body did not need, that the mind is utterly unfitted for reading, hearing, singing, or meditation. All the available energies of the stomach and the body are employed to dispose of the unnecessary supply of rich food. All these things operating together, render one drowsy and sluggish, and very much indisposed to do any thing but to lie down to rest. It took me over forty years to learn that I was making my Sabbaths a day of gluttony, when I myself, and others, thought I was living abstemiously; and did not really take nourishing food in sufficient quantities to supply the waste of the body.—*Sereno Edwards Todd.*

HOW TO DISTINQUISH HEALTHFUL SOILS.

—Permeable sand stone soil is very healthy. Both soil and air are usually pure and dry, though sometimes the water is bad. If the sand is mixed with clay there is danger of dampness, and a permanently damp soil is almost always unhealthy. Dampness however may be overcome by drainage. In choosing a site always carefully examine the water.

Gravelly soils are always healthy, if not low and marshy. Gravelly hillocks are the healthiest of all sites, and the water that flows out from their base in the form of springs, upheld by clay, is excellent.

Most sandy soils are very healthy, and the purer the sand the healthier, but such soils are not very productive. If there are impermeable beds of clay in them, however, they become moist and unwholesome. Any soil to be healthy must allow water to flow from it freely, or else to permeate it and run off into the subsoil below. If in a sandy soil wells can be made by digging only a few feet, then beware of them. No soils are fit for human beings to live upon if the wells are only a few feet deep from the surface. Such a condition shows imperfect drainage. Avoid clay, dense marsh, and alluvial soils unless the drainage is perfect. Irrigated lands are to be regarded with suspicion. Cultivated soils are more wholesome than uncultivated, except where cultivation causes the evaporation of poisonous vapors. Swamps and marshes can be made wholesome by careful drainage only.

DISINFECTING EXCRETA.—It is of the greatest importance that people be made to know that human excreta from all persons affected with typhoid fever, scarlet fever, cholera, and other infectious diseases should at once be disinfected by diluted carbolic acid, or sulphate of iron. Typhoid fever for instance, often spreads through a family, or a neighborhood by means of the water used; but it is likely that ten times as many cases are generated by means of the poison passing through the air. Now how does the poison get into the air, and find its way to the bodies of other persons in such

quantities often as to assume an epidemic form? Mainly, it is believed, by the excreta. Disinfect this. Kill these poison-germs that arise into the air in swarms, and there is little danger of the spread of infectious diseases. We do not claim that all infectious diseases come from germs generated in the excreta, but in civilized communities a majority of them either arise from the excreta, the breath, or the skin. Kill them as fast as formed without injury to the body, and you at once prevent the spread of disease. Dr. Budd one of the most eminent of English physicians declares that "From the day when I first began to think on these subjects, I have never had a doubt that the specific cause of contagious fevers must be living germs." These living germs are generated in the filth of the world. Prevent them from breeding, and you prevent most of the diseases that afflict the race. The amount of excreta that accumulates about dwellings of every family is very great. Even from healthy persons it may cause disease. To prevent this we advise general disinfection and cleanliness—one of the most important hygienic agencies in preventing the spread of disease that we can at present adopt.

INCREASING DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.

—In the Manchester district, the number of commitments to jail for drunkenness, in proportion to other offenses, was: in 1866, $26\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.; in 1867, $27\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; in 1868, 29 per cent.; in 1869, 30 per cent.; in 1870, 37 per cent. It might be well for medical men who are in the habit of prescribing and encouraging the use of intoxicating drinks, to reflect whether there is any relation between this growth of intemperance and the increased use of alcohol for medicinal and dietetic purposes under professional sanction. Many of the most eminent British physicians have spent much labor, in the last twenty years, to expose the errors and follies of the teetotalers, and to prove that total abstinence is unfavorable to health. We venture to propound two inquiries, which we deem pertinent to the subject, and which may be answered by *guessing*: First, in view of the foregoing figures, how many persons in the Manchester district have suffered in health and life, during the last year, by the use of strong drink? Second, how many persons in the same district have suffered in health and life by drinking only

water? Neither of these questions admit of a definite answer, but the endeavor to answer them suggests a third: If the claim of our profession to philanthropy be well founded, would it not be well to reserve a few tears for the victims of intemperance, and not exhaust the supply over a few individuals who are supposed to endanger their health by drinking water?—*Pacific Medical Journal.*

TAKING COLD IN SUMMER.—After the variable weather of the past, we may now expect a warm term. It seems almost impossible that during such weather people should be so subject to colds; but the fact is, people are too careless. When extremely warm and in a full state of perspiration, such as follows active exercise of any kind, it is very injudicious to sit in a draught of air, with less clothing than was worn during the exercise. It is quite natural, if we have been walking on the street, to remove as much of our clothing as possible on entering the house, and further, to sit in the most breezy place we can find. If it be toward evening when the air is inclined to dampness, and the vitality of the system greatly reduced, more or less of the symptoms characterizing what are denominated colds are likely to ensue.

Therefore, never be in too great a hurry to check perspiration, either in cool air or by drinking, especially of ice-cold water. Allow a little time to elapse before removing any of the clothing, and rather let the perspiration subside gradually; for in this way we are sure of avoiding many of the serious consequences attending the other course. This may seem a foolish precaution to many, especially during such warm weather, but an observance of the precept will save many from hours of pain.—*Med. Ind.*

POISONOUS WALL PAPER.—Several instances of this latter result have recently come to my knowledge. In two families of the highest respectability in this city, illness of an unusual and protracted character existed, and at the suggestion of the physician, portions of the green wall paper of the dwelling were submitted to me for analysis. The pigments were found to consist mainly of arseniate of copper, and upon the removal of the papers the illness disappeared. In experimenting with apparently the most suitable apparatus, and employing delicate chemical tests, in rooms the walls of which were covered with these arsenical papers, no evidence of the presence of the poison in the atmosphere has been afforded; and this corresponds with the results of all similar experiments

made in this country and in Europe, so far as my knowledge extends. We must conclude that agents not recognizable by chemical tests are capable of disturbing vital processes. The evidence is very clear that in instances of illness confined to one or two members of a household, the cause may be due to some accidental disturbance with which all are equally brought in contact, but which has the power of injuriously influencing only a part. It is also clear that these sources of disease are of such a character as easily to escape detection, and therefore any facts or experience which may serve as guides to their discovery, are worthy of record.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

AMOUNT OF SLEEP.—Those who think most require the most sleep. The time “saved” from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and efficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulation just given.—*Scientific American.*

THE REPLANTING OF TEETH.—The *Pacific Medical Journal* says: “Dentists are now testing a plan proposed by Mr. Coleman, an English dentist, as follows: Extract the tooth, clear away caries and the contents of pulp cavities and canals, wash out with carbolic acid, fill the canals with cotton dipped in carbolic acid, fill the cavity, sear off all diseased periosteum and cementum, leaving the healthy portions of the mucous membrane attached to the neck of the tooth; bathe alveolus and the tooth in a solution of carbolic acid, and return the tooth to its socket. Out of fourteen cases Mr. Coleman succeeded with nine; operating on bicuspid and molars.

SMALL-POX MORTALITY.—The recent epidemic of small-pox in England has shown a great mortality among the vaccinated, so great that the confidence of the protective power of vaccination has been very much shaken.—*British Medical Journal.*

DOES HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS PRODUCE INSANITY?—Will you please allow me to propound you a question, which I hope you will answer in your June number, or at least refer me to the best medical authority on the subject:

Does habitual drunkenness produce insanity? Hoping, sir, that you will confer the favor, yours respectfully.—*Paul Vialou.*

[The foregoing question is very comprehensive, and to answer it properly we should expect to get into Metaphysics as well as into Pathology. In a word, however, we answer that it does. A drunken man is always insane or idiotic. Constant intoxication must finally enfeeble the intellect or permanently pervert it, so that we may say, in general terms, that insanity may be produced by habitual drunkenness; though no two persons are affected exactly alike. It latterly is getting to be a judicial practice to look upon inebriates as morally irresponsible, and therefore legally innocent. This is dangerous doctrine for society.]

The above we find in *The Druggist's Circular*. It seems to be the testimony of nearly all investigators that alcoholic liquors cause about one-half of all the evil in society. How their use is to be entirely prevented is yet a question, but the work of doing it in some way is now the most important reform that can engage the attention of thoughtful people. Society is not safe while drunkards abound.

SKILL OF DAY vs. NIGHT-WORKERS.—Recently the day hands working in the office of *The Tribune* played a game of base ball with the men who do night work. The result showed that those who devote the night to work, instead of sleep, taking sleep in the hours of day, are greatly inferior in skill to those who work in the hours of day, and sleep at night. The day hands made four runs against seven made by the night-workers.

DISEASE AND CARELESSNESS.—There can be no doubt that carelessness is the origin of most diseases. Medical men also hold that foolish people who follow their own whims have hardly a chance of recovery when visited by serious disease. Nine-tenths of the doctor's work would be done if people were only con-

sistently prudent and cautious. Only it is so hard to be habitually cautious.—*Scientific American.*

DISEASES PRODUCED BY MEAT.—A. asks us what diseases are caused by flesh, if any.

We answer that observations on this subject are not very reliable, so far as those meats generally used are concerned unless it be pork. There are certain kinds of fish found in tropical seas that invariably poison those who eat of them. Oysters out of season often produce dangerous symptoms. Dyspepsia and nettle-rash frequently come from the use of shell fish. The flesh of the pig sometimes produces diarrhea, which is not at all strange considering the garbage they feed on. Kesteven mentions twelve cases of cholera caused by pork.

EPPOCH OF JUSTICE FOR WOMEN.—There are a few departments, and only a few, in which the epoch of simple justice has come for woman. In music, in the drama, and above all in literature, it may be said to have arrived. I have been quite closely connected with periodical literature in America for a dozen years, and have never yet seen an instance where any work appeared to be received by editor or publisher, either more or less favorably, because of the sex of its author. I have never known an instance where the compensation paid, or the applause of the public, had apparently, the slightest reference to sex. No doubt, little things go a great way in securing what is called literary success—as personal notoriety or popularity, or a happy hit in respect to title or theme. These things help women as they do men, no less, no more. Neither the inexplicable successes, or the unaccountable failures, ever seem traceable to the fact that the author is a man or woman.

The fact is worth a thousand theories. If woman can enter the sphere of literary work, on terms of precise equality with man, finding neither fear nor favor, it will be ultimately the same in many vocations, or in all.

Farewell, contempt! Farewell, flattery! The epoch of justice has begun.

—*T. W. Higginson.*

FIVE DENTISTS IN ONE FAMILY.—F. Preterre, who recently died in New York, was a dentist, and so were four of his brothers.

RECIPES FOR WHOLESOME COOKING.

VEGETABLES--Continued.

No. 7. ASPARAGUS.—Cut off as much of the stalks as will leave the asparagus five or six inches long, scrape the remaining white part very clean, and as they are done, put them into fresh water; tie them in small even bundles; put them into boiling water and let them boil till tender, but not soft; take them out with a slice into a sieve to drain, and place the asparagus neatly upon a thin toast previously dipped in the water and then laid on a dish, and serve immediately with butter sauce.

No. 8. CAULIFLOWERS.—Cut off the stalks and lay the cauliflower in salt and water for an hour; put them into a pan of boiling water with salt, and boil them till the stalks are tender; take them out instantly; drain in a colander, and serve with butter sauce. Cauliflowers should be boiled quickly for five minutes, and then moderately, in order to prevent the flower becoming done before the stalk. Broccoli is boiled in the same way.

No. 9. BOILED VEGETABLE MARROW.—The marrows used for boiling should be rather small. Put them in a pan of boiling water; add some salt and a small piece of soda; boil till tender; cut them in slices, and serve with butter sauce.

No. 10. BAKED VEGETABLE MARROW WITH ONIONS AND SAGE.—Pare and cut in two a good-sized marrow; scrape out the seeds and fibers; rub the marrow over, inside and out, with a little salt; let it drain an hour; fill up the halves with onions, previously boiled a little, and chopped with some sage; add a little butter and salt; close them, and tie together with a little twine; butter a dish and bake in a moderately hot oven; if not nicely browned, dredge it with a little flour, brown it in a Dutch or American oven before the fire, and serve with brown sauce.

No. 11. RICE.—Pick, and wash in warm water, a pound of the best rice; set it on the fire with two quarts of boiling water, and a small tea-spoonful of salt; boil it fifteen minutes, and drain it in a sieve immediately. Butter a pan; put in the rice, place the lid on tightly; set it on a trevet in a moderate oven, till the rice is perfectly tender, and serve in a vegetable dish. Every grain will be separate and quite white.

PUDDINGS.

In the preparation of Puddings it is essential to have all the ingredients perfectly good of their kind. If there be any doubt of the freshness of eggs, they should always be broken separately in a cup, to prevent any being needlessly wasted, as one bad egg would render all the rest with which it was mixed useless. Batter puddings, when mixed, should be passed through a tin strainer, or coarse sieve. Eggs, when used for other puddings, should be strained after they are beaten. The basins, or molds, in which puddings are to be boiled,

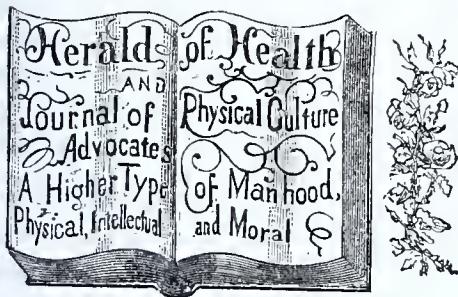
should be buttered; the pudding then poured in, and after having a cloth tied tightly over it, be put into the pan immediately. When a cloth only is used, it should be dipped in hot water and, when squeezed dry, be spread over a basin and dredged with flour; the pudding should then be poured in, and if batter, be tied closely; but if bread, it is requisite to allow a little more room. The water should boil quickly when the pudding is put in, and kept constantly boiling the whole time. When the pudding is taken out of the pan, it should immediately be dipped in cold water; this will chill the outside, and allow the cloth to be removed without injuring the surface. The most convenient way to dish a pudding is to place it with a cloth in a basin; then open the cloth, and lay the face of the dish upon the pudding, turn the whole over take off the basin, and remove the cloth. All puddings should be boiled in plenty of water, so as to allow them sufficient room to move freely, and prevent the ingredients separating. When a pudding is boiled in a cloth, a plate should be placed at the bottom of the pan, but when a basin or mold is used, this precaution is not requisite. The cloths used for puddings should be of tolerably fine linen; they should always be carefully washed after being used, and be perfectly dry when put away.

No. 1. APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and cut some good baking apples as for a pie; put them into a saucepan with very little water; cover the pan, and set it on a moderate fire, turning it occasionally that the apples may soften regularly; when about half done drain the water from them, put them in a basin to cool, and stir in a little sugar; line a quart basin with paste, put in the apples, cover with paste, tie a cloth closely over and let it boil an hour. Any other fruit pudding may be made in the same way.

No. 2. BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and core one pound and a half of apples; half pound of butter; five eggs; six ounces of sugar; one lemon, and two table-spoonfuls of grated bread, or biscuit. Boil the apples with two table-spoonfuls of water in the pan, on a slow fire, turning it occasionally, till the apples are soft; stir in the butter, sugar, juice and grated rind of the lemon; when nearly cold, add the bread, or biscuit and the eggs, well beaten; bake it in puff paste, and serve it with sifted sugar over it.

No. 3. ARROWROOT PUDDING.—Two ounces of arrowroot; one pint of milk; three eggs; three ounces of sugar, and the grated rind of a small lemon or a few drops of almond-flavor. Set three-fourths of a pint of the milk on the fire; mix the one-fourth pint of cold milk with the arrowroot till quite smooth; then pour in the hot milk, stirring it quickly, adding the sugar and lemon-peel, or almond-flavor; when cool, add the eggs, well beaten; butter a dish, and bake in a moderate oven.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1871.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

THE PUBLISHERS do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in THE HERALD. They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.

Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S HABITS OF LIFE.—

We present this month the following very interesting letter from William Howitt, the well-known and distinguished English author, which can not fail to be read with great satisfaction. In these days when so many thousands of promising young men throw their lives away, the lessons from such men as those of Bryant, Father Cleveland, William Howitt, and others we have already published in THE HERALD OF HEALTH, can not fail to produce a wholesome effect.

ROME, 41 VIA DI PORTA PINCIANA, }
May 20, 1871. }

DR. M. L. HOLBROOK—*My Dear Sir:* I am in receipt of your letter of April 27, which my

elder daughter, Mrs. Alfred Watts, the author of the "Art Student in Munich," has forwarded me from London. I have read with very great pleasure the letter of Mr. Bryant, the poet, as given in your journal, and I congratulate you on obtaining the conclusive evidence of so distinguished a man; and also, in having established such a journal as THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for no subject in this fast-living and fast-thinking age is of more importance than that of laying the foundations of a sound constitution in youth, and of preserving that constitution through life by attention to the laws and dictates of Nature. This is an indispensable care, if we mean to pass our time here in comfort and in the full vigor of our intellects, and, I may add, of healthy moral sentiments.

I shall, therefore, jot down with much satisfaction such circumstances and habits of my life as I believe to have mainly contributed to these results. And, in the first place, let me observe that while the modes of my own life and those of Mr. Bryant very much accord, in a few particulars they differ, as, I suppose, must be the case in almost any two individuals. Mr. Bryant never takes coffee or tea. I regularly take both, find the greatest refreshment in both, and never experienced any deleterious effects from either, except in one instance, when, by mistake, I took a cup of tea strong enough for ten men. On the contrary, tea is to me a wonderful refresher and reviver. After long-continued exertion, as in the great pedestrian journeys that I formerly made, tea would always, in a manner almost miraculous, banish all my fatigue, and diffuse through my whole frame comfort and exhilaration, without any subsequent evil effect.

I am quite well aware that this is not the experience of many others, my wife among the number, on whose nervous system tea acts mischievously, producing inordinate wakefulness, and its continued use, indigestion. But this is

one of the things that people should learn, and act upon, namely, to take such things as suit them, and avoid such as do not. It is said that Mithridates could live and flourish on poisons, and if it be true that tea or coffee is a poison, so do most of us. William Hutton, the shrewd and humorous author of the histories of Birmingham and Derby, and also of a life of himself, scarcely inferior to that of Franklin in lessons of life-wisdom, said that he had been told that coffee was a slow poison, and, he added, that he had found it very slow, for he had drunk it more than sixty years without any ill effect. My experience of it has been the same.

Mr. Bryant also has recourse to the use of dumb-bells, and other gymnastic appliances. For my part, I find no artificial practices necessary, for the maintenance of health and a vigorous circulation of the blood. My only gymnastics have been those of Nature—walking, riding, working in field and garden, bathing, swimming, etc. In some of those practices, or in the amount of their use, Nature, in my later years, has dictated an abatement. In Mr. Bryant's abhorrence of tobacco, I fully sympathize. That is a poisoner, a stupefier, a traitor to the nervous system, and, consequently, to energy and the spirit of enterprise, which I renounced once and for ever before I reached my twentieth year.

The main causes of the vigor of my constitution and the retention of sound health, comfort, and activity to within three years of eighty, I shall point out as I proceed. First and foremost, it was my good fortune to derive my existence from parents descended on both sides from a vigorous stock, and of great longevity. I remember my great-grandmother, an old lady of nearly ninety; my grandmother of nearly as great an age. My mother lived to eighty-five, and my father to the same age. They were both of them temperate in their habits, living a fresh and healthy country life, and in enjoyment of that tranquillity of mind which is conferred by a spirit of genuine piety, and which confers, in return, health and strength.

The great destroyers of life are not labor and

exertion, either physical or intellectual, but care, misery, crime, and dissipation. My wife derived from her parentage similar advantages, and all the habits of our lives, both before and since our marriage, have been of a similar character. By-the-by, though this has nothing to do with health, I may remark that your correspondent says my wife dresses like a Friend. It is a mistake. She dresses as any other lady of her years who is simple and unostentatious in her tastes.

My boyhood and youth were, for the most part, spent in the country; and all country objects, sports, and labors, horso-racing and hunting excepted, have had a never-failing charm for me. As a boy, I ranged the country far and wide in curious quest and study of all the wild creatures of the woods and fields, in great delight in birds and their nests, climbing the loftiest trees, rocks and buildings in pursuit of them. In fact, the life described in the "Boy's Country Book," was my own life. No hours were too early for me, and in the bright, sunny fields in the early mornings, amid dews and odor of flowers, I breathed that pure air which gave a life-long tone to my lungs that I still reap the benefit of. All those daily habits of climbing, running, and working developed my frame to perfection, and gave a vigor to nerve and muscle that have stood well the wear and tear of existence. My brain was not dwarfed by excessive study in early boyhood, as is too much the case with children of to-day. Nature says, as plainly as she can speak, that the infancy of all creatures is sacred to play, to physical action, and the joyousness of mind that give life to every organ of the system. Lambs, kittens, kids, foals, even young pigs and donkeys, all teach the great lesson of Nature, that to have a body healthy and strong, the prompt and efficient vehicle of the mind, we must not infringe on her ordinations by our study and cramping sedentariness in life's tender years. We must not throw away or misappropriate her forces destined to the corporeal architecture of man, by tasks that belong properly to an after-time. There is no mistake so fatal to the proper development of man and woman, as to pile on

the immaturo brain, and on the yet unfinished fabric of the human body, a weight of premature and, therefore, unnatural study. In most of those cases where Nature has intended to produce a first-class intellect, she has guarded her embryo genius by a stubborn slowness of development. Moderate study and plenty of play and exercise in early youth are the true requisites for a noble growth of intellectual powers in man, and for its continuance to old age.

My youth, as my boyhood, was spent in the country, and in the active exercise of its sports and labors. I was fond of shooting, fishing, riding, and walking, often making long expeditions on foot for botanical or other purposes. Bathing and swimming I continued each year till the frost was in the ground and the ice fringed the banks of the river. As my father farmed his own land, I delighted in all the occupations of the field, mowing and reaping with the men through the harvest, looking after sheep and lambs, and finding never-ceasing pleasure in the cultivation of the garden.

When our literary engagements drew us to London, we carefully avoided living in the great Babel, but took up our residence in one of its healthy suburbs, and, on the introduction of railways, removed to what was actual country. A very little time showed us the exhausting and unwholesome nature of city life. Late hours, heavy dinners, the indulgence of what are called jovial hours, and crowded parties, would soon have sent us whither they have sent so many of our literary contemporaries, long, long ago. After an evening spent in one of the crowded parties of London, I have always found myself literally poisoned. My whole nervous system has been distressed and vitiated. I have been miserable and incapable the next day of intellectual labor. Nor is there any mystery about this matter. To pass some four or five hours in a town, itself badly ventilated, amid a throng of people just come from dinner, loaded with a medley of viands, and reeking with the fumes of hot wines—no few of them, probably, of very moral habits, was simply undergoing a process

of asphyxia. The air was speedily decomposed by so many lungs. Its ozone and oxygen were rapidly absorbed, and in return the atmosphere was loaded with carbonic acid, carbon, nitrogen, and other effluvia, from the lungs and pores of the dense and heated company; this mischievous matter being much increased from the products of the combustion of numerous lamps, candles, and gas-jets.

The same effect was uniformly produced on me by evenings passed in theatres, or crowded concert or lecture rooms. These facts are now well understood by those who have studied the causes of health and disease in modern society; and I am assured by medical men that no source of consumption is so great as that occasioned by the breathing of these lethal atmospheres of fashionable parties, fashionable theatres, and concert and lecture halls; and then returning home at midnight by an abrupt plunge from their heat into damp and cold. People have said to me, "Oh! it is merely the effect of the unusual late hour that you have felt!" But, though late hours, either in writing or society, have not been my habit, when circumstances of literary pressure have compelled me occasionally to work late, I have never felt any such effects. I could rise the next day a little later, perfectly refreshed and full of spirit for my work.

Another cause to which I attribute my extraordinary degree of health, has been not merely continued country exercise in walking and gardening, but, now and then, making a clean breach and change of my location and mode of life. Travel is one of the great invigorators of the system, both physically and intellectually. When I have found a morbid condition stealing over me, I have at once started off on a pedestrian or other journey. The change of place, scene, atmosphere, of all the objects occupying the daily attention, has at once put to flight the enemy. It has vanished as by a spell. There is nothing like a throwing off the harness and giving mind and body a holiday—a treat to all sorts of new objects. Once, a wretched, nervous feeling grew upon me; I flung it off by mounting a stage-coach, and then taking a walk from

the Land's End, in Cornwall, to the north of Devon. It was gone for ever! Another time the "jolly" late dinners and blithely-circulating decanter, with literary men that I found it almost impossible to avoid altogether without cutting very valuable connections, gave me a dreadful dyspepsia. I became livingly sensible of the agonies of Prometheus with the daily vulture gnawing at his vitals. At once I started with all my family for a year's sojourn in Germany, which, in fact, proved three years. But the fiend had left me the very first day. The moment I quitted the British shore, the tormentor quitted me. I suppose he preferred staying behind, where he was aware of so many promising subjects of his diabolical art. New diet, new and early hours, and all the novelties of foreign life, made his approach to me impossible. I have known him no more, during these now thirty years.

Eighteen years ago I made the circumnavigation of the globe, going out to Australia by the Cape of Good Hope, and returning by Cape Horn. This, including two years of wandering in the woods and wilds of Australia, evidently gave a new accession of vital stamina to my frame. It is said that the climate of Australia makes young men old, and old men young. I do not believe the first part of the proverb, but I am quite certain that there is a great deal in the second part of it. During those two years I chiefly lived in a tent, and led a quiet, free, and pleasant life in the open forests and wild country, continually shifting our scene, as we took the fancy, now encamping in some valley among the mountains, now by some pleasant lake or river. In fact, pic-nicing from day to day, and month to month, watching, I and my two sons, with ever new interest, all the varied life of beast, bird, and insect, and the equally varied world of trees, shrubs, and flowers. My mind was lying fallow, as it regarded my usual literary pursuits, but actually engaged with a thousand things of novel interest, both among men in the Gold Diggings, and among other creatures and phenomena around me. In this climate I and my little party enjoyed, on the

whole, excellent health, though we often walked or worked for days and weeks under a sun frequently, at noon, reaching from one hundred to one hundred and fifty degrees of Fahrenheit; waded through rivers breast high, because there were no bridges, and slept occasionally under the forest trees. There, at nearly sixty years of age, I dug for gold for weeks together, and my little company discovered a fine gold field which continues to this day. These two years of bush life, with other journeys on the Australian Continent, and in Tasmania, and the voyages out and back, gave a world of new vigor that has been serving me ever since. During the last summer in Switzerland, Mrs. Howitt and myself, at the respective ages of sixty-eight and seventy-six, climbed mountains of from three to five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and descended the same day with more ease than many a young person of the modern school could do.

As to our daily mode of life little need be said. We keep early hours, prefer to dine at noon, are always employed in "books, or work, or healthful play;" have no particular rules about eating and drinking, except the general ones of having simple and good food, and drinking little wine. We have always been Temperance people, but never pledged, being averse to thralldom of any kind, taking, both in food and drink, what seemed to do us good. At home, we drink, for the most part, water, with a glass of wine occasionally. On the Continent, we take the light wines of the country where we happen to be, with water, because they suit us; if they did not, we should eschew them. In fact, our great rule is to use what proves salutary, without regard to any theories, eccentric, or speculations of hygienic economy; and in our ease, this following of common sense has answered extremely well.

At the same time it is true that many eminent men, and especially eminent lawyers, who, in their early days, worked immensely hard, studied through many long nights, and caroused, some of them, deeply through others, yet attained to a good old age, as Lords Eldon, Scott,

Brougham, Campbell, Lyndhurst, and others. To what are we to attribute this longevity under the circumstances? No doubt to iron constitutions derived from their parentage, and then to the reeuperative effect of those half-yearly flights into the Egypt of the country, which make an essential part of English life. To a thorough change of hours, habits, and atmosphere in these seasons of villeggiatura. To vigorous athletic country sports and practiees, hunting, shooting, fishing, riding, boating, yaehting, traversing moors and mountains after black-eoek, grouse, salmon, trout, and deer. To long walks at sea-side resorts, and to that love of continental travel so strong in both your countrymen and women, and ours.

These are the *sating* causes in the lives of such men. Who knows how long they would have lived had they not inflicted on themselves, more or less, the destroying ones. There is an old story among us of two very old men being brought up on a trial where the evidence of "the oldest inhabitant" was required. The Judge asked the first who came up what had been the habits of his life. He replied, "Very regular, my lord; I have always been sober, and kept good hours. Upon whieh the Judge dilated in high terms of praise on the benefit of regular life. When the second old man appeared, the Judge put the same question, and received the answer, "Very regular, my lord; I have never gone to bed sober theso forty years." Whereupon his lordship exclaimed, "Ha! I see how it is. English men, like English oak, wet or dry, last for ever."

I am not of his lordship's opinion; but seeing the great longevity of many of our most eminent lawyers, and some of whom in early life seemed disposed to live fast rather than long, I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion of the vitalizing influences of temperance, good air, and daily activity, which, with the benefits of change and travel, can so far in after life save those whom no original force of eonstitution could have saved from the effects of jollity, or of gigantic efforts of study in early life. For one of such hard livers, or hard brain-workers

who have escaped by the periodieal resort to healthful usages, how many thousands have been "eut off in the midst of their days?"

A lady once meeting me in Highgate, where I then lived, asked me if I could recommend her a good doctor. I told her that I could recommend her three. She observed that one would be enough; but I assured her that she would find these three more economical and efficient than any individual Galen that I could think of. Their names were, "Temperance, Early Hours, and Daily Exercise." That they were the only ones that I had employed for years, or meant to employ. Soon after, a gentleman wrote to me respecting these "Three Doctors," and put them in print. Anon, they were made the subjeet of one of the "Ipswich Traets;" and on a visit, a few years ago, to the Continent, I found this tract translated into French, and the title-page enriched with the name of a French physieian, as the author. So much the better. If the name of the French physician can recommend "The Three Doctors" to the population of France, I am so much the more obliged.

I remain, dear sir, with sincere wishes for the prosperity of your journal, and the spread of the true principles of health and long life,

Yours, faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN HE IS HIT BY LIGHTNING.—During a reeent thunderstorm in h o, Mr. Sanford Tieknor and his hired man were crossing a field when they were struck down by a bolt of lightning from the clouds. The hired man was made insensible for twenty-four hours, when he became conscious. His only remembrance of the shock was that "suddenly the ground raised up and buried him"—at least so it seemed, but no trace of any disturbance of the earth could be found, nor any mark upon the man. Mr. Tieknor was not so badly stunned; indeed was not made unconscious at all. He describes his feelings as though he had been hit by a severe blow with a stone on the head and one foot, accompanied by

the feeling that a shower of gravel had been thrown on him. He remembers a blinding flash of light succeeded by smoke. Both have recovered.

THE SUICIDAL PROCLIVITIES OF THE FRENCH.—At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, recently, Dr. Decaisne read a paper on the subject of Suicide. He showed that, while at Vienna the proportion of suicides to natural deaths is one in 160, in London one in 175, and in New York one in 172, Paris shows the exorbitant figure of one in 72. He thinks the effects of the *morbus democraticus*, as the Germans call it, may be admitted *a priori*, if the state of the public mind in France since 1789 be taken into account; and he is of opinion that the horrible events which have just been witnessed in Paris will soon increase the eases of lunacy, and, therefore, of suicide. He admits that it is by the prevalence of lunacy and suicide that the moral value of a people should be judged, and that the number of voluntary deaths is proportional to that of the violent passions which excite the multitude; while, on the other hand, purity of morals and moderate ambition strengthen the organs of thought as well as those of life itself. But the chief cause of the increase of suicide in France he holds to be drunkenness. The number of cases of voluntary death attributable to that vice was 141 in 1848, whereas it rose in 1866 to the frightful figure of 471. According to many travelers there is no drunkenness in Paris, where every body drinks wine, but Dr. Decaisne who lives there probably knows much more about the habits of his countrymen than those who sojourn there for a week, or a month only, and come away with a belief that they have learned the whole lesson.

MORAL HYGIENE AND TOBACCO.—The most self-indulgent, and the most selfish of luxuries is that of tobacco. I never knew a dozen men who used tobacco, who cared any thing about whether they smelled agreeable to other people, or whether they carried themselves so

that other people were happy or not. They will foul the house, they will foul the boat, they will foul the ear, unless arbitrarily restrained. They forget father and mother, wife and children, and go through life smoking, stenchful and disagreeable; and when they are expostulated with, they laugh.

The use of tobacco does not make a man a monster, it only makes him selfish, in respect to people about him. Though I consider this a most selfish and disagreeable habit, I do not look upon it as being at all equal to drinking, in its evil effects. But it is a very wasteful habit. Few young men who are beginning life can afford to smoke.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Mr. Beecher's experience is not much different from that of others. We have known a few people who were respectful of the rights of others when smoking, but they were men of rare good qualities of head and heart.

EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.—

Total expenditures.....	9,929,462
Amount paid for teachers' wages...	6,501,173
Amount paid for school-houses, re- pairs and furniture.....	1,980,546
The estimated value of school- houses and sites.....	20,417 329
Number of children attending the public schools.....	1,029,955
Number of persons attending the normal schools.....	4,724
Total number of school-houses.	11,705

The money which we cheerfully pay for the purposes of general education is well and carefully applied, and the extent to which the opportunities afforded are made use of proves how highly the people appreciate our common schools.

Common school education, valuable as it is, is not every thing. The child who knows how to read, write, and cipher, may know little of how to conduct his life so as to make the most of it.

CARPETED FLOORS.—When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath it is

generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

To PREVENT PITTING IN SMALL-POX.—

Small-pox is always more feared by the people for its effects than for its dangers. All persons have a dread of being marked by it. There have been many remedies suggested to prevent pitting—the majority of them being difficult and unpleasant in their application. Pitting rarely occurs upon places of the body excluded from air and light. Pustulation is the result of the eruption exposed to those causes. The indication, therefore, would seem to be to prevent the action of the air and light. I have accomplished this in several cases; not only of those of brunette, but blonde complexions; in mild, as well as in severe cases of variola and varioloid, by the use of ointment made of charcoal and lard, applied freely over the surface of the face, neck, and hands—applied as soon as the disease is distinguished, and continued until all the symptoms of suppurative fever had ceased. The application allays the itching, and seems to shorten the duration of the disease, and leaves the patient without a blemish; the eruption protected by the ointment not even showing signs of pustulation; the charcoal preventing the action of the light, and the lard that of the air. Of course, during its application the patient does not present a very pleasing appearance, but a temporary disfigurement is preferable to a permanent one.—*J. H. Bird, M. D., in Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

COMPRESSION OF THE FEET.—This is a common practice, that often results in distortion. When we are walking with the feet unrestrained, each foot, as it receives the weight of the body, broadens slightly, and lengthens to the extent of half an inch or more. Freedom of motion in the foot itself is thus seen to be

a natural requisite, and without it, ease, grace, and comfort in walking are out of the question. Compression by the boot or shoe not only prevents this freedom of action, but also gives rise to deformity of the feet. The sole of the boot should be as wide as, and somewhat longer than the foot, when the weight of the body is resting upon it. The upper leather requires to be soft and yielding, and not so tight as to pinch the foot down upon the sole. The toe of the boot ought to be wide, leaving the toes perfect freedom of movement. If too narrow, they are made to override each other, thus producing the ingrowing toe-nails, corns, bunions, etc. The heels should be low and broad, so as to furnish a firm support. High heels throw the feet forward toward the points of the boots, and tend to produce flattening the arch of the foot.

HYGIENE FOR THINKERS AND WORKERS.

—It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—*Ruskin.*

This sentence is full of truth. Our thinkers often get morose and worthless as guides to public opinion, because they think too much and work too little. On the other hand, workmen who work and do not think, in the end become almost idiotic. In an age like ours, there is no excuse for a working person not thinking, nor for a thinker not working.

BORROWING JOY.—The worst use that man can make of his time is to borrow trouble in any shape. It is quite bad enough to spend it in tears and despair, when it comes of its own irrepressible accord; until then let us keep our hands clear of it, and if we must borrow any thing, borrow joy and hope. He who borrows trouble breaks one of the most important laws of health; he who borrows joy, and keeps on borrowing all he can of it, till his heart is full and running over, will never be in debt for it, but will make thousands in debt to him, for his outbursts of happiness and his sunny smiles. We repeat, borrow joy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

Meat in Summer.—Whatever may be said in regard to the use of meats generally, there is scarcely a question that the less meat eaten during hot weather the better. In the first place, the process of decomposition commences in meats the moment the animal is slaughtered, and continues without cessation, unless arrested by salting, smoking, etc., until it is entirely decomposed. In hot weather this process proceeds very rapidly. Meat just from the butcher is always tough, and it must become partly decomposed before it becomes tender and fit to eat. It is this decomposition that makes it tender, and the further this process has proceeded, the tenderer the meat. The eating of meats in this condition, especially in hot weather, poisons the blood with the products of decomposition, stimulates the system to unnatural action, increases the heat, produces a general condition of feverishness, and renders the person more liable to fevers, inflammations, and other diseases. If the meat gets a little too "tender," it is almost certain to bring on an attack of diarrhea, and many cases are caused in this way. If you value health and comfort, use meats sparingly and fruits and vegetables freely during hot weather, if at no other time.

Varicose Veins.—"For about one year I have been troubled with what the Faculty would call varicose veins, and although they do not trouble me particularly during the day, if I do not become over-heated, yet every evening, just after supper, the veins in my legs swell up and—well, you must know how it is—bother me awfully. Now, I hope you can give me an atom of advice through your valuable paper, telling what I ought to do—if any thing, and what climate and diet is advisable in my case."

A simple case like this is easily cured. A plain, healthful diet, out-door exercise, regularity of the bowels, avoidance of too long standing, and bathing the limbs in cold water once or twice a day, followed by thorough friction, rubbing, and percussion, will soon effect

a cure. A rest in the horizontal position for an hour or more in the afternoon will be found very useful. In more severe cases, compression by a bandage, or even the application of caustic may be necessary.

A Good Precedent.—A man recently died at Ironton, Ohio, of delirium tremens, and his widow brought suit against the rum-seller who had supplied her husband with liquor. The Court awarded her \$5,000 damages. If rum-sellers had to pay a fine of \$5,000 for each death caused, directly or indirectly, by the drinking of the liquors they sell, they would disappear like dew before the sun, and seek a more useful calling. May this good example be followed by the wives and widows of drunkards generally.

Baking Powders.—"Will J. Monroe Taylor's 'Cream Yeast Baking Powders injure a dyspeptic; or would bread made without it be better?"

I consider this baking powder the best in use; still, when good, light, unleavened "gems" can be had, I think it better to dispense with the powder. Unless they can be made light and porous without, I should prefer to use it.

Adam's Apple.—"Why is it that in some persons the larynx (Adam's apple) is so prominent, while in others, who are no fleshier, it does not protrude at all?"

For the same reason that one man's nose is longer than another's. The only way to make it less prominent is to build up around it with fat.

Diet for Constipation.—"Will you be kind enough to give the writer—who suffers from constipation—through the medium of your valuable 'Answers to Correspondents,' the outline of a few 'anti-constipative' meals, and strictly hygienic? No doubt but that many of your readers would, with me, be profited thereby."

The following articles are good. Two, three, or four may be selected for each meal. It is well to vary the selection from meal to meal. Graham bread, "gems," and crackers; cracked wheat, wheat, rye, corn, or oat-meal mush; hominy, groats, apples, peaches, pears, grapes, currants, cherries, plums, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, tomatoes, melons, squashes, and fresh vegetables generally.

Fetid Perspiration of the Feet.—

"I am suffering with one of the most odious of diseases, the fetid perspiration of the feet. The main feature of my ease is this: Every time I have a new pair of shoes, the intense heat of my feet brings out the natural odor of the leather with such a force as to make a nuisance of myself to every one that surrounds me; but when the perspiration has penetrated the soles of the shoes, the two odors mixed together are a horrid thing to stand. I change my stockings three times a day, washing my feet each time with alum, or the compound spirits of ammonia added in the water, but meet with only a comparative success. Can science do any thing for me? If such a disease is not curable, is there any thing that would neutralize the odor of the leather and the infectious smell of perspiration? I am today twenty-two years old—obliged to remain single on account of that disease, and will persevere in that idea, preferring to isolate myself to being a nuisance to my husband."

This disease is owing, primarily to an impure state of the blood, consequently means should be at once taken to correct that condition. A very plain and rather abstemious diet, an abundance of out-door exercise, a Turkish or vapor bath, or wet sheet-pack two or three times a week are the main essentials. The shoes should be light and loose. Cloth shoes are best in warm, dry weather. Linen or cotton stockings should be worn, linen being preferable. The feet should be bathed in pure, cold water three or four times a day, thoroughly rubbed, and immersed for five or ten minutes in fine, dry, loamy earth.

Ice-Cream.—"How about ice-cream; if it is proper eating, what time in the day is the best to indulge?"

Ice cream being composed of sugar and milk

or cream, with some flavoring extract—it is better without eggs—is no more objectionable than the same articles in any other form, provided it be eaten slowly and allowed to melt in the mouth. It should be eaten at a regular meal time, and not in large quantities.

Antipathy to Strawberries.—"What state or condition of the stomach is indicated by its antagonism to strawberries—seemingly so wholesome a fruit, eaten moderately and at a proper season?"

Some persons are so constituted that even while in perfect health they can not eat certain articles of food which are wholly unobjectionable to persons generally; hence has arisen the saying that "what is one's meat is another's poison." There are also certain conditions of irritation and inflammation of the stomach in which it can not bear acid or sub-acid fruit.

Soap for the Hair.—"I have heard said that soap has an injurious effect on the hair, and therefore should not be used in washing the head. I use, beside the daily cold water bath, white castile soap and cold or cool water, as often as I think necessary, being careful to rinse all soap out of the hair afterward. It cleanses the scalp, and seems to have an admirable effect on the hair, making it very clean and pleasant to the touch. Will you give us your opinion on the subject?"

The continued use of soap upon the hair will cause it to become harsh and dry. If pure, soft water is not sufficient for cleanliness, occasionally use the white of an egg, well beaten up, and applied to the hair, rubbing it in thoroughly with the fingers. It is much better for the hair and scalp than soap.

Honey.—"Is honey injurious?"

Many persons can not eat it on account of the difficulty of digesting it. To those who can digest it readily, it is no more injurious than sugar. It should always be eaten sparingly, if at all.

Hard Water and Constipation.—"Is hard water objectionable where one is troubled with constipation?"

Hard water is bad for any one, but especially so where there is costiveness of the bowels or a tendency thereto.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ON THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF SEVERE AND PROTRACTED MUSCULAR EXERCISE; with Special Reference to its Influence upon the Excretion of Nitrogen. By AUSTIN FLINT, Jr., M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

When Edward Payson Weston, the celebrated pedestrian commenced his walking feats, he probably had no thought of what science might gain by taking notes of the effects the exercise had on his body. His great ambition was to walk one hundred miles inside of twenty-four hours, on one of the five days. Though he failed to do this on first attempting it, the doctors did not fail to measure and weigh all the food he ate for fifteen days before, five after the effort, and during the effort. Nor did they fail to estimate the results of the exercise on the excretion of nitrogen, and other elements of excretion. The results of these experiments are very interesting, and have an important bearing on the value of different kinds of food, and the source of muscular power. Price, by mail, \$1.00.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE FOR UNSCIENTIFIC PEOPLE; a Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Appletons are doing a good service by publishing the works of the great scientists of England for American readers. The volume before us contains about twenty different articles, in popular language, and adapted to the understanding of all who can read. Among them are, Constitution of Nature; Matter and Force; Dust and Disease; Death by Lightning; Vitality, and others no less interesting. The paper on Dust and Disease has many additions to it, and is more complete than we have seen it in other forms. We commend the work as more interesting than any novel, to those who love to know something of the secrets of Nature as described by a master interpreter. Price \$2.00.

THE EYE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By B. JOY JEFFRIES, A. M., M. D. Boston: A. Moore.

Among other chapters, we find this book treats of the following subjects: Anatomy of the Eye; Physiology of the Eye; Old Sight and Spectacles; Near-sightedness, or Myopia; Long-sightedness, or Over-sightedness—Hypermetropia; Astigmatism; Cataract in Children simulating Near-sightedness; Cataract; Artificial Eyes—How and When they are Worn; Squinting Eyes—Why and How they must be Operated on; An Artificial Pupil—What it is, How, and Why the Operation is Performed; The Ophthalmoscope—What it is, and How it is Used; Injuries and Diseases of the Lids and Eye—Their General Care and Treatment, etc. The work is well written, and will prove a valuable one to all interested in the subject on which it treats. Price \$1.50.

THE TRANSMISSION OF LIFE; Counsels on the Nature and Hygiene of the Masculine Functions. By GEORGE NARHEYS, A. M., M. D. Philadelphia: J. G. Fergus & Co.

This is a plain, straight-forward sensible book, of

over three hundred pages, which will do a world of good, if its counsels are heeded. A large number of eminent men have written highly commendatory letters regarding it, among whom are Rev. Dr. Todd, A. D. White, President of Cornell University, and many others.

THE PARENT'S GUIDE; or, Human Development, through Inherited Tendencies. By HESTER PENNELLTON. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: S. R. Wells.

It is pleasant to think that the improvement of the race occupies so much of the thought of the world. Even Darwin, whose "Descent of Man" is devoted mainly to showing the origin of the race, can not close his masterly work without giving a brief half page as to the best means of improving human beings, through natural and sexual selection; and Galton, in his work on "Hereditary Genius," has a whole chapter on the same subject; but here is a book of over two hundred pages, by a woman, on the same great theme. The book is earnest, instructive and full of thought. Let every young man and young woman read it. Price \$1.50.

THE HOMEOPATHIC DOMESTIC PRACTICE. By JOSEPH LAURIE, M. D. Edited and revised by ROBERT J. MCCLATCHY, M. D. First American, from Twenty-first English Edition. New York: Boericke & Tafel.

This massive work of over one thousand pages, which has had a great sale in England, has just been reprinted here. It is designed to be a family guide to those who wish to give Homeopathic remedies, without employing a physician. It seems to be ably prepared, and for the purposes intended is no doubt the most able work extant. Price \$7.00.

THE DIETETIC REFORMER AND VEGETARIAN MESSENGER, for July. London: F. PITMAN; Manchester, Tubbs & Crook.

This little Quarterly of twenty-four pages has been published in the interests of Dietetic Reform for over ten years, and contains a great deal of valuable matter in small space. This is the first number we have seen for two years, but is as full of good things as ever; not only on the subject of reform in food, but many other matters. We will order it for any of our readers who will send us \$1.00.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS; The Plurality of Worlds, studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A., F. R. A. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The work before us is imbued with a fine undercurrent of religious feeling and reverent study. It is written with a pure diction and luminous style, easily read and understood by the unscientific reader. We apprehend there are multitudes, satiated with the fulsome romances of the day, who will find themselves refreshed by the solid thought and suggestive ideas of the writer.

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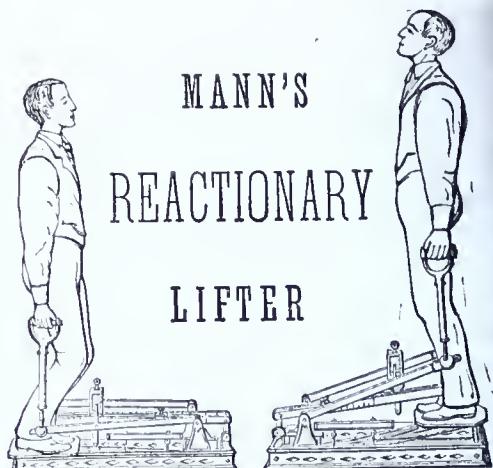
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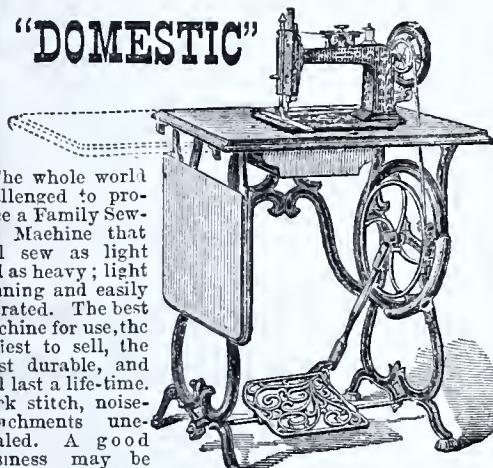
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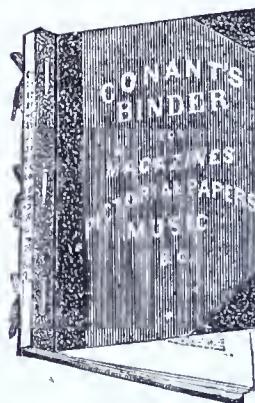
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